National Anti-Slavery Standard.

VOL. XXIV. NO. 10. NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 18, 1863. WHOLE NO. 1,206.

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY, ON SATURDAY,
AT $2 50 PER ANNUM,
BY THE
AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY,
At its Office, No. 48 Beekman Street, New York,
AND AT THE OFFICE OF THE
PENNSYLVANIA ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY,
106 *North-Tenth Street, Philadelphia.*

LETTERS should be addressed to OLIVER JOHNSON, *Editor of The Anti-Slavery Standard*, 48 Beekman-st., New York.

ADVERTISEMENTS, 10 cents per line each insertion.

Selections.

SECRETARY SEWARD'S SPEECH.

[The following is a full report of the remarks made by Secretary Seward, in Washington, on Tuesday night, after the reception of the news of the fate of Vicksburg:]

WHEN I saw commotion uprising in civil life, I thought it consistent with the duty of a patriot and a Christian to avert the civil war if it was possible, and I tried to do so. If this was a weakness, I found what seemed an instruction excusing it in the prayer of our Saviour, that the cup, the full bitterness of which was understood by himself alone, might pass. But I found, also, an instruction to duty in his resignation: "Nevertheless not my will but thine be done." When it was clear that without fault on your part or mine, the civil war was inevitable, I then thought it consistent with the duty of a patriot and a Christian to take care that the war should be begun not by the friends of the Union, but by its enemies—so that in maintaining the Union we should not only maintain the cause of our country, but should be maintaining it in righteous self-defence. Aggression, unjust aggression, is in every case weakness. Self-defence in a righteous cause is the strongest attitude that an individual or a nation can have. The weakest nation may resist a powerful adversary, while it occupies an attitude of self-defence. Powerful nations have been ruined in making an unprovoked attack upon one infinitely weaker than themselves.

I thought further, that it was consistent with my duty as a patriot and a Christian, to do what was in my power to render the war as light in its calamities and as short in its duration as possible. Therefore, I proposed to retain on the side of the loyal States as many of the States which were disturbed by elements of sedition as could be retained by a course of calm and judicious conduct. I would have had, if possible, the insurrection confined to the seven original so-called seceding States. When all these conditions had been secured, so far as was possible to secure them, I thought still further that it was consistent with my duty, as a patriot and a Christian, to combine the loyal States and consolidate them into one party for the Union, because I knew that disunion had effectually combined the people of the disloyal States to overthrow the Union. I thought that this could be done only through the sacrifice of individual and State and sectional opinions, interests, prejudices, and ambitions.

A nation cannot be saved from death whose individual citizens lack the virtue to make these sacrifices. Unwilling to ask of my fellow-citizens sacrifices I had not the resolution to make myself, I determined to wait until I should be called upon to make them. I said, I give up myself, my family, my friends, my party, all that I have laid up of character in the past, all the interests that I now possess, and all the future that I had thought was in store for me. I take for my associate and leader the first brave and disinterested man who leads the way, and I follow his guidance and share his fortunes. I found a leader in Andrew Johnson, of Tennessee, a man who tolerated and excused, if he did not justify, slavery. As openly as all the world knew that I then abhorred and detested it, God knows I abhor and detest it now. I said the country shall be saved by the Republican party if it will, by the Democratic party if it choose, without slavery if it is possible, with slavery if it must.

Once engaged in the contest, I was prepared to demand, as I have demanded ever since, that no treasure, no amount of human life necessary to save the nation's life, should be withheld. I thought that the war might be ended in three months—in six months—in a year—and I labored to that end. But, as you will all recollect, that it was the people, and not only one man or any combination of men, that could bring it to an end, then or ever, and the people could only do it by showing so much zeal, determination and consistency as would not only keep envious, or interested, or ambitious foreign nations aloof from the battle, but should make it their obvious interest to frown upon and discourage the insurrection. We failed to make that exhibition, and so the war has been protracted into its third year through the encouragement and aid the insurrection has received from the fears or the listlessness of portions of our own people, and the influences of the enemies of the Republic and of human freedom throughout the world. It was doubtless ordained that it should be so, and therefore it may be believed that it was best that it should be so, although we may be allowed to indulge our sorrows over the augmented sum of miseries which the war has inflicted upon the land.

I say it is perhaps best, because I think that this ought to be the last insurrection in the United States—the last effort ever made to dissolve the Union. The more severe the suffering that attends this attempt, the less likely it is to be repeated. But we have reached, I think, the culminating point at last; we have ascertained the amount of sacrifice which is necessary to save the Union, and the country is prepared to make it. The force of secession is exhausted. There are no more States to go out in the insurrection. The insurrectionary States have no more soldiers to bring into the conflict. On the other hand, in the loyal States the plow has twice passed through the ground, and each time it has yielded the necessary harvest of defenders of the Union. The subsoil is deep, and is as rich in the elements of military strength and virtue as that which has already been twice furrowed. It is for the disloyal citizens to decide whether they will give up the contest now, or abide a further and more conclusive trial. But, fellow-citizens, I have incontinently run into a speech and will now stop. ("Go on," "go on." "We want to hear you." "What of Vicksburg?")

Vicksburg! Why, that is just what I was speaking of. Vicksburg fell on the Fourth of July, and Port Hudson, I do not doubt, will fall before the 4th of August. When both have fallen, the United States are the masters of the Mississippi. The power that navigates the Mississippi dominates in North America, and makes a division of the United States of America impossible. Then I think that Rosecrans either has by this time, or soon will have, occupied the mountain passes of East Tennessee; and thus by the two successes, the new slave Confederation becomes divided into four separate, disconnected territories. What kind of a Confederation will that be?—a chain broken into four fragments; and this is only the beginning. Texas, West of the Mississippi, detached from the Confederation by the Mississippi, and territories East of the Alleghany Mountains separated from the Gulf States by the Federal occupation of East Tennessee, will be followed by new and inevitable cases of fracture.

You have already seen Missouri detach herself from the Confederacy. Next you will see Arkansas come into Congress, as you have already seen Louisiana come there. On this side of the Mississippi look sharply at the old North State, and you will see her preparing to return into the Union. A strange kind of Confederate State will be seen existing between what remains to the insurgents of Virginia and South Carolina. Two slices of secession bread made into a sandwich by the intervening slice of North Carolina ham, with its copious condiment of mustard. My friends, we have seen a painful sight. We have seen thirteen stars of this glorious constellation shoot in blood and fire from their spheres. We are now to see one that will compensate us for all the pain the former spectacle has given us.

We are to see each one of those stars coming back from its wandering through a chaos of consuming anarchy, and take its place in the firmament, to fall from thence, I trust, no more, forever. I am sure of this, because in the darkest night of our troubles, I have known two things—first, that these States could not be altogether extinguished, and second, that the attraction which brought them originally together, however weakened, cannot be utterly broken. Do not go away with the impression that all these things are to come to pass without further performance of duty and further sacrifice. The Union is to be saved after all, only by human efforts, by the efforts of the people. Those efforts are to be made in two forms—you must vote for the Union through all discouragements and alarms and complaints, whether those in whom you have reposed your confidence are wise or unwise, competent or incompetent, successful or unsuccessful; and you must fight for the Union, never retreating or giving ground before the enemy.

You must be prepared to do more. You must maintain your ground here in this Capital. When the rebellion ceases, let it find us here to celebrate the salvation of our country. If the Capital must fall before it can be saved, which I have always thought unnecessary, and which now seems impossible, even in that case, let us be buried amid its ruins. For myself, this is my resolution. If the people of the United States have virtue enough to save the Union, I shall have their virtue. If they have not, then it shall be my reward that my virtue excelled that of my countrymen.

If I fall here let no kinsman or friend remove my dust to a more hospitable grave. Let it be buried under the pavements of the avenue, and let the chariot wheels of those who have destroyed the liberties of my country rattle over my bones until a more heroic and worthy generation shall recall that country to life, liberty, and independence. This shall be my only reward, living or dying, for whatever I may be able to do for the deliverance of my country from danger, so, on the other hand, that country may visit me with whatever censure or reproach for short-comings that may seem to it just, but the world shall never hear a word of complaint issue from my lips.

This is my resolution. Now, fellow-citizens, for yours. What should that be? That resolution must be that you will not wait for draft or conscription. Ask not whether the enemy is near or whether he is far off. Ask only is there still an enemy in arms against the United States—a domestic one or a foreign one—array yourselves to meet that enemy. Thus, when the consequent demands, the desolation of your country or a foreign enemy proposes to intervene, your answer for both is ready. I will write it down and deliver it for you, as I have done heretofore. Do you only stand ready to maintain it, and if I can do more service in the ranks than I can in being your organ, I will enroll myself with you. The flag of the Union must wave not only in the Capital and in the free States, so-called, and on the Mississippi, but must go through the Union until not one disloyal citizen remains in arms to oppose it.

THE CONWAY-MASON CORRESPONDENCE.

[WM. LLOYD GARRISON, upon taking the chair at the Framingham celebration, July 4th, took occasion to refer to the correspondence between M. D. Conway and the rebel ambassador, Mason. He is thus reported in *The Liberator*:]

I WILL read a letter which has been received from Hon. Henry Wilson, in answer to one inviting him to be present at this meeting.

WASHINGTON, July 1st, 1863.

DEAR SIR: I had hoped to be able to accept your kind invitation to be with the friends of the slave at Framingham on the 4th, but I feel it to be my duty to stay here during these hours of trial.

I hope nothing will be said at your meeting to commit any anti-slavery man to the foolish, and I think wicked proposition made by Mr. Conway in England. I hope Mr. Conway speaks for no one but himself. Patriotism and Liberty are now inseparable words, and I hope every anti-slavery man in America will stand by our country, and our whole country. Crush the rebellion and its cause with the iron hand of war! should be on the tongue and in the heart of every anti-slavery man in our country.

Yours, truly, H. WILSON.

Mr. Wilson's reference to Mr. Conway is, I suppose, understood by nearly every one in this assembly. He hopes that no anti-slavery man endorses what Mr. Conway has undertaken to perform in England. I will read what Mr. Conway proposed to the Confederate envoy in London, Mr. Mason, for the information of some who may not have seen the correspondence.

Senator Wilson expresses the hope that no anti-slavery man in America will endorse this overture on the part of Mr. Conway. For one, I have simply to say, that I know of no anti-slavery man in America who is disposed to endorse it (applause). I know of no man calling himself an Abolitionist who does not utterly eschew it as absurd, visionary, unnecessary, unwarrantable. We are for the government (great applause), because the government is in the right as against the rebellion, and we are not disposed to interfere to give a triumph to the wrong side, even for so good a purpose as that of abolishing slavery; for Abolitionists are incapable of doing a dishonorable act, even to forward the anti-slavery cause, to any extent (applause). We are, therefore, with the government, and hold that the government cannot, on its own plane of action, do otherwise than carry on the war until the rebellion be utterly put down; and we maintain, that in putting down the rebellion, it has become the right as well as the duty of the government to put an end to slavery everywhere in our land (loud applause). And so, especially in regard to the Confederacy, the proposition of Mr. Conway is simply absurd. He asks Mr. Mason to say whether he cannot get the Confederate powers to agree to abolish slavery in rebeldom. Why, slavery is already abolished in rebeldom by the fiat of Abraham Lincoln, President of the United States! (Prolonged applause.) There is no need of going to the author of the Fugitive Slave law to make any inquiry on that subject.

You observe that our friend Conway assumes that he was empowered to make this overture. This is a very grave matter. I am very sorry that he was led, by any consideration, to make that statement, because he has no authority from anybody on this side of the Atlantic to make it. But let me say, I am satisfied he did not mean to utter an untruth in this matter, because I know that he wrote privately, some ten days or a fortnight ago, to this country, information to this effect: "I have sent the following letter to Mr. Mason. Of course, he will reject the offer. My object is to make him show his hand, and convince the people of England that the Confederacy is expressly and solely to perpetuate slavery, and thus to cover him with confusion of face; and I want you to send over by the next steamer an endorsement of what I have done." This shows that he was ingenuous in his own mind about it; that he, by some strange infatuation, supposed that he really would get an endorsement, and therefore felt justified in saying, in advance, that he had got it. His object was to expose Mr. Mason and the Southern Confederacy; and he has simply made a very great blunder, and, instead of placing Mr. Mason on his back, he has put himself on his back. We all regret it very much.

[At a subsequent period of the meeting the subject was again brought under notice. We quote from the report:]

Samuel May, Jr., of Leicester, said—Mr. President, I feel it my duty to call the attention of this assembly again to the matter of our friend Conway, and his letters to the rebel envoy Mason. I say *our friend* Conway, for he is our friend, and the true friend of the anti-slavery cause, having given such proof of his friendship to it as is in the power of very few of us to give. But I lack words to express my astonishment that any anti-slavery American, in England or elsewhere, should allow himself to have any communication, much more seek any negotiation, with James M. Mason of Virginia, on any subject whatever. But when, besides that, he undertakes to commit the anti-slavery people of this country, or any portion of them, to a responsibility for his own extraordinary action, I cannot, for one, sir, be silent; I must make my indignant protest. And, therefore, though it is as painful a duty as ever I undertook, I feel it to be my duty to offer here, in the first gathering of New England Abolitionists since the knowledge of Mr. Conway's correspondence reached the country, some resolutions, and ask action thereupon, that it may be seen whether, and how far, we can be held to approve Mr. Conway's course in this matter. Sir, it seems to me a shame, be the motive what it might, that any loyal American, or any true anti-slavery man, should descend to treat or confer with any representative of the slaveholder's rebellion. It seems to me an almost unpardonable offence alike against loyalty and anti-slavery principle. Ask anti-slavery action of James M. Mason! What can be thought of to match the absurdity! For one, I cannot, by silence, give even a seeming consent. I know that Mr. Conway spoke of "anti-slavery *leaders*," but I know, too, that there *are* no anti-slavery "leaders," in any sense which would justify any man among them in carrying propositions to a rebel agent in behalf of the anti-slavery people of this land. Instantly and indignantly, I believe, should we all disown any such leaders, and bid them speak for themselves alone. At least, I will utter my total dissent, and will now leave it to this meeting to express their minds.

Mr. May then read the two following resolutions:

Resolved, That this assembly of anti-slavery men and women, gathered from every part of New England, repudiates the act of Mr. M. D. Conway, in seeking any negotiation with James M. Mason, of Virginia, father of the Fugitive Slave law, and now agent in England of slavery and the rebellion; and we declare that in this whole matter he entirely misunderstands and misrepresents the anti-slavery people and sentiment of America.

Resolved, That neither as Americans nor as Abolitionists, in both which characters we stand openly before the world without compromise or concealment of any principle or purpose, we will never consent that Peace shall be asked of Jefferson Davis, or of any of his slave-breeding associates; and we earnestly hope our government will never stoop to treat with them in any other character than that of rebels, traitors, and murderers.

A vote being called for, the President put the same, and a loud and universal *aye* was given to the resolutions. The noes being called, not a solitary voice in the great multitude present was raised against them.

A SPEECH BY THE PRESIDENT.

[When the news of the surrender of Vicksburg reached Washington, a procession, with bands of music, proceeded to the Executive mansion. The crowd soon became immense, and there were, in addition to the patriotic strains of music, repeated cheers for the President, Meade, Grant and Rosecrans. The President appeared at an upper window, and spoke, in substance, as follows:]

FELLOW-CITIZENS: I am very glad indeed to see you to-night, and yet I will not say I thank you for this call, but I do most sincerely thank Almighty God for the occasion on which you have called (cheers). How long ago is it—eighty odd years—since, on the Fourth of July, for the first time in the history of the world, a nation by its representatives assembled and declared as a self-evident truth that "all men are created equal" (cheers). That was the birthday of the United States of America. Since then the Fourth of July has had several peculiar recognitions. The two most distinguished men in the framing and support of the Declaration were Thomas Jefferson and John Adams—the one having penned it and the other sustained it the most forcibly in debate. They were the only two of the fifty-five who sustained it that were afterwards elected President of the United States. Precisely fifty years after they put their hands to the paper it pleased Almighty God to take both from the stage of action. This was indeed an extraordinary and remarkable event in our history. Another ex-President, five years after, was called from this stage of existence on the same day and month of the year; and now, on this last Fourth of July just passed, when we have a gigantic rebellion, at the bottom of which is an effort to overthrow the principle that all men were created equal, we have the surrender of a most powerful position and army on that very day (cheers), and not only so, but in a succession of battles in Pennsylvania, near to us, through three days, so rapidly fought that they might be called the great battle on the 1st, 2d and 3d of the month of July; and on the 4th the cohorts of those who opposed the declaration that all men are created equal "turned tail" and run (long and continued cheers). Gentlemen, this is a glorious theme, and the occasion for a speech, but I am not prepared to make one worthy of the occasion. I would like to speak in terms of praise due to the many brave officers and soldiers who have fought in the cause of the Union and liberties of the country from the beginning of the war. There are trying occasions, not only in success, but for the want of success. I dislike to mention the name of one single officer lest I might do wrong to those I might forget. Recent events bring up glorious names, and particularly prominent ones, but these I will not mention. Having said this much I will now take the music.

NORTHERN PROSPERITY A DAMAGE TO THE WAR.

From The New York Times.

IT is somewhat paradoxical, but strictly true, notwithstanding, that the greatest disadvantage of the war is the prosperity of the country. Everybody admits that, in the main, the industry of the North is very flourishing. The farms teem, the workshops and the factories whir, and the bustle of trade fills the streets. Labor was never in greater demand, or more largely paid. The industry of the country has recovered from the terrible shock given it by the first outbreak of the war; it has adapted itself to the new condition of things, and in new channels is putting forth its energies with an activity, and with a success, seldom if ever surpassed before. Taking all classes of society into account, it may with very little risk, be averred that in no year in the history of the country has there been so little destitution and so much physical comfort throughout the North, as has prevailed thus far in this third year of the war.

Of course this prosperity is pleasant to think of in itself, but its bearing upon the fortune of the war is by no means so satisfactory. There can be no doubt that it has operated very much to divert the public mind from the dreadful dangers of the country. People, almost insensibly to themselves, have come to feel that the war was no great misfortune, after all, and that it don't matter much whether it is soon ended or not. They have noticed that it did not seem to be conducted with much discretion, but have taken this very little to heart. It was simply a good subject to growl over when one happened to be in a growling humor. The general disposition has been to assume that it would all come out right in the end, and to take up with the philosophy that, "the less said, the sooner mended." The prime object of attention has been the day's private business—the war being simply a matter of incidental interest.

The extent to which the Northern mind has lapsed into this easy confidence was signally illustrated by the manner in which Lee's irruption into Pennsylvania was first met in that State. The inhabitants in both country and town were at first at an utter loss what to make of it. For days after the advance had passed the border, they remained incredulous that anything serious could be designed; and their chief solicitude was to get their horses and pigs out of the reach of chance stragglers. The idea of rallying to drive back a hostile invader never occurred to them. It was not believed that he was not an invader at all—but simply an unexpected guest of rather loose habits, making it advisable to look a little after the spoons. The brisk *démarche* of the "Burgess of York," seven miles out, to hunt up some Confederate officer to whom he could surrender the burgh, was only a manifestation of the prevailing free and easy spirit; and the astonishment of that functionary, when he was promptly assured by Gen. Early of the conditions on which the surrender would be accepted—one hundred and fifty thousand dollars in cash, 40,000 pounds of beef, and flour, coffee, sugar and other groceries to match—was simply of a piece with the general bewilderment when it began to dawn upon the public mind of the State that this was an actual invasion of an enemy, and a very serious business. The last accounts from the State indicate that the people are at last arousing to the actual duties of the day. They are beginning to give up their ordinary avocations, and to make the public defence their dominant concern and their first business. Lee sees the gathering storm, and prudently draws back his lines. But he will have to strike quick, or not strike at all. It would be destruction to him to remain where he is after the body of the three million of Pennsylvania had fairly gotten into a fighting temper.

Southern privations have been contrasted with Northern plenty, and been complacently dwelt upon as strong reasons for believing that the Southern rebels would flag in spirit and soon submit. These privations really justified only the contrary conclusion—that the rebels would maintain their contest with the utmost energy of human nature to the last extremity. While our comforts have been an anodyne, their miseries have been a constant stimulant. The war was daily and hourly brought home to them as a terrible business; and it kept every faculty and capacity of their nature on the strain. The very fact that the war entailed so much hardship upon them made them only the more impatient to drive it to its end as soon as possible. The common suffering only intensified the common sympathy, and fused all selfish feeling into the fiercest devotion to the common cause. This effect has been manifested in their army, as well as out of it. The London *Times's* correspondent, writing from Lee's army, narrates how that officer prides himself upon the superiority of his "poor ragamuffins" over the well-fed, well-clad national soldiers. It was really no matter for boasting, even were it founded on fact. The natural effect of all hardship is to fire the temper and steel the will, as well as to toughen the sinews.

The invasion of Lee, by bringing the war to our own threshold, will do more to recall the public mind to some adequate sense of the supreme importance of the struggle, than aught else that could possibly have occurred. It will greatly promote a cheerful submission to the Conscription act; and will give government the courage to make levies of a magnitude they otherwise would have hardly ventured even to think of. Lee hurls his mortal challenge into the very face of the North; and there is no alternative now, if we would escape destruction, but to fight him with our whole soul. War has got to become the *first* business of the North, as it has been from the beginning, the *only* business of the South. When it once comes to that—and we verily believe not until then—the fate of the rebellion will be sealed.

NEGROES AND THE HOMESTEAD LAW.

AMONG other practical good results of the opinion of Attorney-General Bates affirming the citizenship of American negroes, their rights to settle and acquire title to land, under the preëmption laws or under the Homestead Law, have been, at least for the present, established. Indeed, assuming that opinion to be law, or to state the law for the direction of affairs under the Administration to which Mr. Bates is legal adviser, no other decision could be made. Whether other cases have arisen, and decisions been announced, we are not informed; but one has been recently published in California, noteworthy as among the earliest, if not the first. Here are the facts, as we gather them from the official correspondence, published in the *The Sacramento Union*:

Benjamin Berry, a negro, was originally a slave, born in Kentucky, and brought to California in or about 1850, by a Missouri master to whom he had been sold. He purchased his freedom by services of which the equivalent was reckoned at three thousand dollars. Thereafter he settled on a quarter section of public land, erected improvements, and continued, down to early in the present year, to reside on the place as an actual and bona fide settler. He is sixty-seven years old, and, within the last three years, married. It appears from the records of the Land Office that his settlement was long prior to the survey, and that the land was unoccupied. Since his settlement certain persons, endeavoring to take advantage of his supposed legal incapacity to acquire a title or preëmption right—which, under the Dred Scott decision, he certainly could not—attempted to get possession of the land under a grant from the State, and threatened him with an action of ejectment in the State courts.

There could hardly have been a better case for the application of Mr. Chief Justice Taney's amiable precept that a negro has no right which a white man is bound to respect. Berry was not merely a negro, but he had had the presumption to buy himself for three thousand dollars, and having thus become a free negro, proceeded to disregard all conservative maxims and outrage conservative sentiment by showing himself neither idle nor dissolute, but able and willing to work, to occupy land as white men do, to cultivate it industriously, and to build himself a house thereupon. Notwithstanding all which, and apparently regardless of the irritation which such a proceeding cannot fail to create in Conservative breasts, Mr. A. J. Snyder, Register of the United States Land Office, Marysville, California, on being made aware of the facts, referred his case, with a request for the protection of Berry, to the Land Commissioner having jurisdiction in the matter. The acting Commissioner, Mr. Joseph S. Wilson, replied promptly that the Attorney-General of the United States had declared freemen of color, if born in the United States, citizens of the United States, and proceeded to say: The administration of the business of this Department will conform to the above opinion, and you will therefore have no difficulty in disposing of the case in hand. The man Berry, upon making proper proof of his being a free man, and born in the United States, will be entitled to the benefit of the preëmption laws, as also of the Homestead law.

It remains, of course, for the Supreme Court of the United States to affirm the doctrine of Attorney-General Bates, and reverse the infamous decision in the Dred Scott case, before the legal rights of negroes under the Homestead act can be fully established. Never doubting that such will sooner or later be the case, we hail this first decision, though not judicial, as an omen of the swift-coming days when equal rights under the law shall be accorded to all citizens of a free republic.—*Tribune.*

SHALL SUCH THINGS BE?

From Cambridge (Mass.) Chronicle, June 13.

As our soldiers gradually penetrate the interior of rebeldom, they have an opportunity occasionally to learn something of the practical workings of the peculiar institution. An officer from Cambridge, now in the Federal army, recently found and sent home for the inspection of his friends a stray leaf from the record of an overseer at Alexandria, La. We give an extract below. It appears to be a record of the punishments inflicted for about two months in 1847, for various offenses, which are set forth with some particularity. From this record we learn the description of iniquities for which these slaves were whipped. Here is the record:

1847.

Apr. 20,	Whipped	Adam for cutting cotton too wide.
" "	"	Nat for thinning cotton.
" 21,	"	Adaline and Chany for being behind.
" 23,	"	Jim for mashing down cotton on row behind him.
" 24,	"	Esther for leaving child out in yard to let it cry.
" 25,	"	Patrick, Frank, Adam and Nathan for disobeying orders given through Dick.
" 26,	"	Dick for allowing the hands to leave grass without reporting them.
" 27,	"	Adaline for being slow getting out of quarters.
" 28,	"	Daniel for not having cobs taken out of horse trough.
" "	"	Sandy for not fetching the salt to me before giving it to horses.
" 30,	"	Jim for getting behind with his row.
May 2,	"	Anna, Jo, Hannah, Sarah, Jane and Jim for not thinning corn right.
" 2,	"	Clem for being too long thinning one row of corn.
" 3,	"	Isaac for not setting up corn.
" 3,	"	Wallis for leaving suckers on corn.
" 5,	"	Esther for not being out of quarters quick enough.
" 6,	"	Jo, Clem and Sandy, for not cleaning cotton close.
" 10,	"	Adaline for being last one out with row.
" 13,	"	Nat for leaving pusley in cotton drill.
" 14,	"	Jim for being behind with row.
" 15,	"	Esther for leaving grass in cotton.
" 17,	"	Peggy for not hoeing as much cane as she ought to, last week.
" "	"	Jack for letting his horse run away.
" 18,	"	Polly for not hoeing faster.
" 20,	"	Martha, Esther and Sarah for jawing about row, while I was gone.
" 21,	"	Polly for not handling her hoe faster.

LETTER FROM PROF. TAYLER LEWIS.

Editor of Christian Intelligencer:

PERMIT me to use a small space in your columns for the statement of a grievance which, although of a private character, has some connection with a question of great public interest. A number of years ago, I wrote something which had a pro-slavery tendency. Heaven forgive a sin of which I most deeply repent. As one of the consequences, however, I am punished by having often sent to me pro-slavery tracts and pamphlets, with the expectation, probably, of their receiving a friendly notice. Among others of this kind, I have lately received one entitled, "A Letter from an Elder in an Old School Presbyterian Church to his Son at College." My own mistakes, and false reasonings, and wrong feelings ought to teach, and have taught me charity for the errors of others; but this pamphlet I cannot stand. Its reasonings and its Biblical exegesis are beneath contempt; its spirit is utterly unchristian and intolerable. I have laid it away among the curious things of my pamphlet library, after having written upon the title-page, and signed my name to this brief testimony: "A more utterly Christless production than this I never read." No other word would do; it is utterly *Christless*. There is no need of quoting only one sentence to show the justness of the epithet. On page 29, the writer regards the Africans as types here on earth of the lost portion of our race in the world below, represented under "the figure of the 'tares' and 'goats' in their respective parables, who are doomed to be cursed in the world to come, bond slaves to sin and Satan forever." All this is deduced from that much-abused text, Gen. ix. 19. Never did slavery assume to me so hideous an aspect as in connection with the thought that its spirit could generate such a production as an emanation from an Old School Presbyterian Church. Certainly no Colenso criticism could be more hostile to the Bible, or to a true Biblical faith.

Perhaps I am bestowing an attention on this thing of which it is utterly unworthy. It has struck me, sometimes, as being, perhaps, an extravagant irony; but there are a number of things in the pamphlet which are at war with such an idea. If it is written *ex animo*, God give the author the grace of repentance. The only apology for him is that he knows not what he is doing.

THE FATAL ERROR OF THE WAR.

[Extract from Gen. Cochrane's Speech at Rutland, Vt., July 4th:]

THE fatal error of the war has been its continual temporization with the policy of war, its constant tendency to a great peace establishment. The clamor of the wranglers has risen above the clangor of arms, and an intrigue of the Cabinet engaged attention more closely than a campaign in the field. To struggle, seems to have been supposed to be the utmost attainable, and to conquer appears to have been some nebulous and partially-defined idea of the future. The great rebellion raging before us, and threatening to engulf liberty, law, and institutions, has been contemplated with a philosophical interest truly, but with no apparent view to the employment of means adequate to its suppression. The volcano has been pelted with pebble stones, and our rulers have expected that the eruption would subside. Let them have done with this folly. Let them, though at the latest, address themselves to the policy of victory—multiply men, increase armies, employ generals, and use all according to their value in war for the purposes of victory, and not as the exponents of ideas without value, and the representatives of mere political opinions. For two years the complexional difference between soldiers was allowed to impede victory, and that when applied to the very class on which the rebellion depends for subsistence. The world knows that one million seven hundred thousand black warriors are held in servile bondage in the Southern revolted States, exceeding by four hundred thousand their one million three hundred thousand white men between the ages of eighteen and forty-five. And the world knows, too, that the organization of these one million seven hundred thousand black slaves alone into fighting armies would, at the period of its accomplishment, have at any time, resolved the question of the war. Let us hope that the recognition of this truth, though tardy, will conduct the country towards the hoped-for success. Nor should discouragement be suffered to infuse doubt of the result. They who anticipated a speedy and triumphant termination of this bloodiest of all wars, knew but little of human endurance. The wars in which millions engage are not wars of a day. They involve interests so vast, and invoke forces so colossal, that long periods of time are frequently necessary to awaken the interest and to apply the force. We derive the science of war from Europe. Let us also study its practice upon that vast theatre. Reviewing, then, all of which record is made, not one which involved interests of magnitude can be compressed within seven years. The theses of Luther lighted a conflagration which raged during the thirty years' war. And yet the armies engaged and the resources of the belligerents were vastly inferior to ours, while the interests involved were hardly more vital; and the martial skill of the combatants, at the least, was not less conspicuous. Doubtless there are many vicissitudes yet to be endured. The devastating march may waste our fields and invade our homes; but to falter then would be recreancy, as to falter now would be disgrace. There is nothing, therefore, in the protraction of the war that is not predicable of all wars, and there can be nothing in domestic invasion but, I hope, an incentive to greater earnestness. The theme in controversy, fellow-citizens, and now debated on the fields of war, is the mightiest that can claim the attention of man. It is not simply whether a portion of the constituent essence of a representative government shall be permitted to withdraw. It is more than this. It is whether a government charged with the destinies of a race, the custodian of a high civilization, and the only implement for subjecting a continent to the arts of peace, the lights of science and the ameliorating influences of Christian culture, shall be broken into fragments and wrecked. And we all are participants in this fiery discussion—actors upon a stage where the history of the coming years is in rehearsal. Great are our responsibilities, and fearful our obligations.

The inheritance of the right of self-government was safely transmitted to us by our fathers. The responsibility of preserving the trust in our generation, and the obligation of its secure descent to our children, rest heavily upon us. Let us all so act in the issue before us, that each will be cheered at the last with the consciousness of a high duty discharged, and the God of nations will not fail to determine that issue aright.

EMANCIPATION IN MISSOURI.

THE ORDINANCE DENOUNCED AS A CHEAT.

ST. LOUIS, July 10.

A LARGE and enthusiastic meeting was held at the Court-House last night, which was participated in by those opposed to the late State Convention in adopting the present system of emancipation, in declaring slave property free from taxation, in denying the people the privilege of voting to elect their own rulers, and refusing the people the privilege of voting on the Ordinance of Emancipation. Mayor Filley presided, and Charles D. Dickey, Henry J. Blow, C. R. Johnson, B. Gratz Brown and others spoke.

Resolutions were adopted setting forth:

That the action of the State Convention in its last session was arbitrary, tyrannical, and in opposition to the plainest principles of republican government, proving that the body from which it emanated to be unworthy of the respect and confidence of a free people;

That although its enactment is entitled to be an "Ordinance for the Emancipation of Slaves," we can regard the enactment of the Convention in no other light than a covert attempt to strengthen and perpetuate slavery in Missouri under the disguise and professed purpose to accomplish freedom;

That the attempt to favor the owners of slaves by a body of men, the large majority of whom were large slaveholders, at the expense of others, by exempting slave property from all taxes, exhibited a spirit so narrow and mean and mercenary, and at the same time so unfair, as to equally merit our condemnation and contempt;

That we hold that the people of Missouri, as the citizens of a State occupying a place in this Republican government are entitled to the principles of popular sovereignty and the right to choose their rulers;

That in condemning the acts of the Convention as a body, we exempt from our condemnation a few men who labored to secure the people their constitutional rights and the benefits of speedy emancipation;

That in our judgment the condition of Missouri demands relief, which can only be effected by emancipation—not years hence, but now—and we therefore declare ourselves in favor of a plan of emancipation which would be most speedy in its operation;

That we recognize in the authority of the Legislature the power to call a Convention fresh from the people, which can take appropriate means for obtaining redress from the impositions practised by the old Convention and relieve us from the burdens entailed upon us by the institution of slavery.

We, therefore, call upon the Legislature to order an election for members to a new Convention at as early a day as practicable, and hereby instruct our Senators and Representatives from this County to give their votes and influence to that measure.

That a Committee of seven be appointed by the President to fix the time, place, etc., for holding the State Convention to carry out the views of this meeting.

From The St. Louis Democrat.

The drama at Jefferson is at last played out, and the curtain has fallen very appropriately upon the death of the actors. We are now enabled to form a judgment on the Convention's doings, something heretofore impossible, since being governed by policy induced by fear, and not by principle, what it did today, gave no assurance that it would not be undone to-morrow. The result is not wholly evil. If the Convention has not hurt slavery, it has killed itself—a most happy riddance. If it has not buried the institution to whose funeral it was invited, it has coffined Messrs. Henderson, and Broadhead, and How, and Breckinridge, and others of that school of politics, by exhibiting their infidelity to the people they professed to represent and serve, so glaringly as to evermore deprive them of public confidence—another relief; and a yet more important result, *it has demonstrated the power of the radical anti-slavery sentiment of Missouri*, for in twelve months' time it has been able to drive the most intensely pro-slavery body ever assembled in the State from the boldest avowal of contempt for emancipation, into the *profession* of passing an Emancipation act.

But what of the so-called Emancipation act—the product of its last accouchment, and in whose birth the Convention has timely died? That it is a cheat might be inferred from the fact that the Convention itself in its last session was a fraud upon the people of Missouri. It was not called together for the purpose of honestly representing their views, for that it was well known it would not do. It was designed to practice a deception, and in its production has answered the desired end. We say the Ordinance is a cheat, and was so intended by its authors. It is not designed to operate as an act of emancipation. It does not free a slave. It was never intended to free one. It is thrown up merely as a breakwater to the accumulating Free Soil sentiment of the State. Of these facts we need no other evidence than the provisions of the Ordinance itself.

The first evidence of chicanery which will strike the reader is the remarkable, almost ludicrous, because perfectly transparent, attempt at deception practiced in the statement of the time when the act is to become operative. It says slavery shall cease to exist on the 4th day of July, 1870, "and all slaves within the State at that day are hereby declared to be free: *Provided*,"—but provided what? *That no man on that day does become free.* The language is:

"*Provided*, however, that all persons emancipated by this Ordinance shall remain under the control and be subject to the authority of their late owners, or their legal representatives, as servants, during the following period, to wit: those over forty years of age for and during their lives; those under twelve years of age until they arrive at the age of twenty-three years, and those of all other ages until the 4th day of July, 1876. The persons, or their legal representatives who, up to the moment of emancipation, were the owners of the slaves thereby freed, shall, during the period for which the services of such freed men are reserved to them, *have the same authority and control over the said freed men, for the purpose of receiving the possessions and services of the same that are now held absolutely by the master in respect of his slave.*"

Here, then, we have it provided that men who are declared free shall remain slaves—no servants, for the purpose of having their possessions and services subject to "authority and control" of others, the same as now held "*absolutely by the master in respect to his slave*" for life. The process of emancipation consists in a change of name, not of condition, and this is the subterfuge which the Convention would palm off on the people of Missouri as an act of deliverance from slavery. Was the Convention itself laboring under *dementia*, or did it suppose it was legislating for a community of idiots, that it could be thus deceived? Its Ordinance professes to terminate slavery at a time when no man becomes free. Honest men can only look upon this *playing upon words* as the silliest of tricks, and brand the whole thing with the most ineffable contempt. If the Convention was opposed to emancipation, as we all know it was, why did it not have the manliness to say so? But no, it knew the sentiment of the State was so resolutely determined upon the end of slavery, that in that case the people would call together another Convention, honestly representing their feelings, and make a final end of it; and hence, to prevent that result, it hit upon the expedient of *seeming* to yield something to their wishes, while in fact it intended to give nothing.

To keep up this *appearance* it professes to give liberty to certain parties in 1876, and from that time on until 1881. It will thus be seen that the proposition adopted is less liberal than the original report of the Committee of nine, which proposed to give absolute freedom to all slaves in 1876. The Ordinance adopted gives freedom to no one before 1876—thirteen years hence, and from thence protracts slavery indefinitely.

The people of Missouri must not be deceived, however, into the belief that it was the intention of the Convention that any man should receive his freedom in 1876, by reason of its act, for such assuredly was not the case. The pitiful attempt at deception practiced in the phraseology of the Ordinance, which we have exposed, discloses the true spirit which governed it. It was sincere in nothing except its desire to perpetuate slavery. In its labors it had nothing else in view. For that very end its Ordinance is skillfully framed. The design is not difficult of penetration. By its seeming concession to the anti-slavery sentiment of the State, it hopes to allay it—satisfy it—subdue it—destroy it. This enemy removed, the Slave Power would have thirteen years in which to labor for the overthrow of the Ordinance. Half of that time will be sufficient for the purpose, should the anti-slavery men of Missouri submit to this mock act of emancipation. They would thus become disorganized and powerless, while the pro-slavery party would be constantly on the watch for its opportunity. It is expected to be largely increased as soon as the war is over, by the return of its friends now in the rebel army, and the removal of the disqualification preventing the rebels and rebel sympathizers now at home from voting. The desire for peace, which now is a powerful incentive with many in favor of emancipation, will then be removed, and the sentiment for freedom in the State will be expected to languish. *If* the anti-slavery men of Missouri surrender the contest here, we have little doubt of the success of the scheme.

But if the plan we have described fails, slavery will have another and surer chance for its life. The power of the Convention to pass the Ordinance is doubted by many on both sides of the question, including some of the best legal minds in the State. It was elected under an act of the Legislature which defined the purpose for which it was called, namely, to consider the relations existing between the State and the Federal Union, and with no reference to slavery or emancipation. The Ordinance is not to be submitted to the people to receive their ratification. It is something which is surreptitiously cast upon the State, without the popular sanction, either express or implied. We do not ourselves believe that legally it is worth the paper on which it is written. And the slave-owners of Missouri who wish to retain their slave property, not one of them will pay it a particle of respect. The pro-slavery party will never concede it the character and weight of law. Now, before 1876 it would be strange indeed, if in all the mutations of party politics the pro-slavery party in Missouri did not once succeed in acquiring power and controlling the Supreme Court of the State. As soon as this occurs the Ordinance is pronounced null and void, and slavery is restored to its original *status*. We need but the history of the Dred Scott case to teach us this.

These considerations teach us how utterly worthless this Ordinance as an Emancipation act is. There is, however, another view to be taken of it—as an Ordinance to *insure* and perpetuate slavery in Missouri. We have shown how it is designed to defeat emancipation indirectly—let us now consider how it is calculated to aid and strengthen slavery directly. This we regard as its real purpose. It sets no slave free, as we have shown, which is good evidence that it was intended to free none. But it does not stop here. Its fifth section is as follows:

Sec. 5. The General Assembly shall have no power to pass laws to emancipate slaves without the consent of their owners.

Thus we see this pretended act of emancipation is made a bulwark for slavery for the next thirteen years, which its friends justly regard as the crisis of its fate. No difference how intensely the people meanwhile may desire emancipation, slavery during the whole of that time is to be sacred and immovable. Nor is that all. The sixth and last section is as follows:

Sec. 6. *After the passage of this ordinance no slaves in this State shall be subject to State, County or municipal tax.*

Thus it will be seen the Ordinance sets a premium upon slave property. It gives it the preference over all other species. Whoever heard of men seriously desirous of getting rid of slave property, endeavoring to make it desirable and profitable? Is that the way to invite its surrender? Every man of sense and business understands full well that it is a bid for its perpetuation. It seeks to make negroes the most valuable property in the State, and of course the last to be relinquished without a struggle.

Nor, without seeking to carry suspicion beyond the boundary of a fair probability, do we believe it inappropriate here to disclose what we regard as one of the strongest motives at the bottom of the passage of this act. It is well known that slaves have since the war broke out been an exceedingly precarious property in Missouri. For some time past the slave advocates have been clamorous that the Federal government should use its power to protect the master in the possession of his slave. Because Gen. Curtis would not consent that the troops and the employees under his command should be so used, was the principal secret of the effort made for his removal. Now Gov. Gamble, who is strongly pro-slavery, and his coadjutors, will approach President Lincoln and say: "We have consented to give up slavery for the sake of the Union. We have decreed its legal demise a few years ahead, and in the meanwhile, in consideration of our disinterestedness, we ask of you that you will protect us in the enjoyment of our property for the remnant of time that it is left to us." Such appeals have already been made to the President, as is well known, on the promise of the adoption of a gradual system of emancipation in Missouri, and to this fact must be attributed certain declarations of the President and certain acts of his, which would otherwise be unaccountable. His ear will again be besieged to further extend the Federal Ægis over the waning institution, and the experience of the past certainly does not leave us without apprehension that it may be with success.

Thus are the motives of the bastard act of a body made up of the spurious representatives of the people laid bare. Men of the Convention, you have done your work artfully, but you have not deceived us. You have not deceived the intelligence of the people of Missouri. They are not to be diverted from their grand purpose of redeeming the State to freedom by the cunning devices of politicians. They are a million and you are but ninety, and they will laugh such webs as you have woven to scorn.

And now, when the work of the Convention has ceased, IS THE TIME FOR THE WORK OF THE PEOPLE TO BEGIN. They have now a double incentive to exertion. They have not only slavery as it existed before, to get rid of, but slavery strengthened and endowed with the privileges of a special monopoly. It has been strengthened by a concession which strikes at the interests of nineteen-twentieths of the people of the State. Non-slaveholders and loyal men of Missouri, who are so vastly in the majority, are you willing to be taxed for the benefit of a favored few, by a discrimination as infamous as it is unjust, and as the strongest slaveholding sections of the State have been the most rebellious, *do you desire to see loyal men pay tribute to disloyalty?* If you do not, there is but one path for you to pursue. The action of this Convention, *sought to be fastened upon you without* [illegible]*t*, must be overthrown. Unless this is [illegible] ost odious and abominable distinction in [illegible] pression that has ever been placed upon [illegible] ook will become a law to your injury and [illegible] e of the State. The task is not a difficult [illegible] enemies have exhausted their quiver in [illegible] of the Convention. It now becomes the loy[illegible] liberty-loving men of the State to begin their work. Let them come together and take counsel for the future. Let them call upon their representatives in the Legislature to avow their readiness to vote for the election of a new convention, which will both represent and respect their will, and in case of refusal *compel* them to give place to such as will. Let them hold up the men of the Convention, who have so basely betrayed them, to the execration of all honest and patriotic men, until universal scorn will be their punishment. Let them agitate—agitate—work—work—work, until Missouri is free.

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 18, 1863.

EMANCIPATION IN MISSOURI.

Of all the strange mutations of affairs which the last two years have brought to pass, those which have taken place in Missouri are not the least strange and memorable. Who that remembers the position of that State in the days of the Kansas war will not admire that in six or seven years the only question before her people in the matter of slavery was, whether it should be abolished now or by and bye? Then she was the foremost champion of slavery on its merits, and taking a leading, if not the most active part in the endeavor to make Kansas a slave State against her will. The Border Ruffians were of her inhabitants. Every invasion left her shores, if it were not organized upon them, and sought their shelter when compelled to fall back from its attempted conquest. Two years ago there were but few voices to be heard in favor of any kind of emancipation beyond the neighborhood of St. Louis. That city, seeing her greatness eclipsed by the young Chicago, and herself distanced in the race for wealth by her youthful rival, with every advantage on her side excepting her load of slaves, was impatient to have it removed, and chafing under its weight. But in the other districts of the State there was scarcely a sign made that indicated any life of liberty. And when the rebellion begun it was saved as by fire from being engulphed in the vortex which had swallowed up almost every slave State.

Whatever other effect, immediate or remote, this war may have, it has certainly had that of giving the death-blow to slavery in Missouri. It has destroyed the marketable value of slaves by taking away the Southern demand, and by deranging the industries of the State. It has promoted a vast emigration of slaves Northward, and, still more, it has made the discussion of the subject safe. The result has been that the property-holders, not slaveholders, have seen most clearly that slavery is the most hostile of all elements to the advancement of their interests. With every circumstance in favor of Missouri that soil, climate and mineral wealth could contribute, they saw her lagging in the rear of younger States with not half her advantages. The despotism of the dominant slavocracy, now for the first time somewhat lifted off from them, doubtless also gave energy to their desires to be rid of the vital principle of that power. At any rate, the impulse in favor of emancipation was so strong as to compel a Convention for the changing of the Constitution. And this Convention, though elected under the old arrangements contrived for the predominance of slavery, and though actually representing the pro-slavery interest in a most disproportionate degree, was obliged to accept as the final purpose of its action, not whether slavery should exist or be abolished, but whether it should be abolished at once or be granted a few years grace.

This we hold to be one of the most significant and important signs of the times. It is true that the worser of these two parties prevailed in the Convention; but it is much that even that worser part could make no stand for slavery on its own merits as a prominent part of the polity of the State. All they could do was to engineer a delay which might be turned to the advantage of slavery by events yet unborn. They postponed Emancipation in any shape for seven years, and then it was to be gradual in such a way as to give small hope of freedom to any one of man's estate. Besides, we do not understand that there is any prohibition of the sale of slaves previous to 1870, provided the market should be opened again for the sale of human beings. And to make assurance doubly sure, they made the action of the Convention final, and refused to allow the people to pass upon their work, lest it should be rejected of them. This, certainly, is a most encouraging symptom. The instinct of tyrants is always infallible, that of the petty tyrant of a plantation as of an empire. This action proves that they knew that their work would be rejected of the people, because not thorough enough in the direction of emancipation. Had they had any hopes of its rejection because it went too far in that direction, who can doubt that it would have been eagerly submitted to that last adjudication?

While we rejoice over the marks of progress which this botched and mangled measure of justice implies, we are grieved and mortified to believe that it was influences from Washington that turned the scale on the side of wrong. It is affirmed that the whole weight of patronage and influence of the President, civil and military, was thrown in favor of the Gradualists and against the Immediatists. The President, it is believed, could have decided the question as it should have been decided, had he been pleased so to do. His life long prejudices in favor of Gradual Emancipation were too strong with him, and if he [illegible] Mr. Postmaster Blair in his [illegible] wondered at that he should [illegible] tter touching his own State [illegible] ge having been carried into [illegible] supposed zeal for Emancipation in Missouri, now uses it to cripple the measure he could not entirely defeat! This will not be a fair page in Mr. Lincoln's history, which we can only hope he will cause to be forgotten by his persistency in his own great measure of Emancipation in the rebel States. If he will resist the importunity of the Blairs and their like to make peace with the rebels, recalling his proclamation, and will carry it out in good faith, the remnant of slavery he has helped to keep in Missouri will be swept away by the breath that shall annihilate that in the revolted country.

But the most encouraging sign of these times in Missouri remains yet behind. It is to be seen in the determination of the anti-slavery portion of the people not to be silenced or foreclosed by this action of the Convention. The brave Emancipationists there are already in the field. A great meeting has been held in St. Louis to inaugurate a movement to demand of the Legislature another Convention, which shall speak effectually the real will of the people. We cannot doubt that this will be obtained, and that the result will be the abolition of slavery in Missouri long before 1870. Now is the accepted time for such an effort. Should slavery be permitted to exist, by the crime of the government or the success of the rebels, in the States now in rebellion, every influence will be used to hinder Freedom doing her perfect work in Missouri. This is the obvious hope of the pro-slavery party there. Did they really believe that slavery would inevitably come to an end in a few years, they would not have been so earnest for a brief reprieve. They put their trust in reaction and in external influences to rehabilitate slavery in its old estate. Of all the episodes of the great Epic of this war against Slavery, there is and can be none more interesting than that of the noble conflict in which Gratz Brown and his gallant comrades are engaged, to rid their State from the crime and the curse of human bondage. God strengthen and succeed them!

PERSONAL.

George W. Curtis will deliver the address before the Adelphic Union Society of Williams College on the 3d of August.

The Rev. Dr. Haven, the very able editor of *Zion's Herald*, has accepted the appointment of President of the University of Michigan.

Gov. Yates of Illinois was shot at through a window while waiting in his office, at his residence in Springfield, at a late hour on the night of July 1st. He was not injured. There is no clew to the perpetrator.

Frances D. Gage has returned to this city after a successful trip to New England. She will go back to Port Royal the first opportunity. She intended to go in the Arago on Wednesday, but was just too late.

The Rev. Jacob M. Manning, Junior Pastor of the Old South Church in Boston, who has been an army Chaplain for some time past, lately returned to his home in very feeble health. His friends hope, however, for his recovery.

The President and family are domiciled in one of the cottages on the Soldiers' Home Hill, three miles north of Washington. In his rides, back and forth, morning and evening, the President is escorted by a cavalry force. When pressing business demands, however, he sleeps at the White House.

It is reported that Gen. Hunter is soon to return to active service, and will probably be sent to the Southwest, to continue the work of organizing the colored regiments so successfully commenced by Adjt.-Gen. Thomas. He was not relieved of his command in South Carolina for his management of affairs in that quarter, or the lack of activity in his department.

The Ashtabula (O.) *Sentinel* of July 1st says: "Hon. J. R. Giddings is now at home, where he arrived a few days ago, and will remain till his health is improved. He has so far recovered from his late attack as to be able to travel and attend to business, though he is still quite feeble. He employs his leisure time in revising his forthcoming history of his times and the development of the present rebellion.

The London *Dial* says: The Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, the distinguished American clergyman who recently arrived in this country, comes hither on no political or clerical errand. He will remain away from his parish only three months, spending the greater part of that time in the retirement of some of the English rural districts. The Emancipation Society of Manchester desired to secure his services for a public meeting, but we are informed that it is not Mr. Beecher's intention to speak in public during his present visit to the Old World.

A soiree was held in the Lecture Hall, Three-Mills-Lane, Bromley Saint Leonard (London), on the evening of the 16th of June, to welcome Rev. J. Sella Martin to the pastorate of the Church worshipping in that place. There was a large audience, and the proceedings were very interesting. Harper Twelvetrees, Esq., presided, and addresses were made by several gentlemen. Among those present was Mrs. Ellen Craft, who will be remembered by many of our readers as the fugitive slave who escaped from Georgia in 1840, by dressing in men's clothes, and passing herself off as a white invalid, with her arm in a sling, and taking her husband along as a waiter.

We find the following paragraph in a recent number of the Leeds (Eng.) *Mercury*:

"On Sunday afternoon Mr. Joseph Barker, formerly of Leeds, addressed a numerous assembly in a field behind the Black Bull Inn, Mirfield, on the death of Mr. Samuel Medley, saddler, Mirfield. The proceedings commenced by the singing of the hymn commencing—

"From all that dwell below the skies."

He described the life of Samuel Medley, and characterized him as a good man—a man of prayer; and stated that he had visited him shortly before his death. His text was, "Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his." After discoursing on this text in reference to Mr. Medley's death, he made reference to his own religious creed. He remarked that he had been very changeable, and compared himself to one who had wandered from the warm South into the freezy regions of the North Pole, and into the dismal darkness below, where he had been lost to all and to himself. He thanked God for his deliverance from such a perilous position, and he now avowed himself a Christian. With reference to his expulsion from the New Connection Methodist Society, formerly having preached at the New Connection Chapel, Mirfield, he said it was a very just sentence passed upon him."

It is far from our wish to speak unkindly of Mr. Barker, whose career in this country is well known to many of our readers; but it is a very suspicious circumstance, to say the least, that in renouncing his "infidelity" he has at the same time renounced his opposition to slavery and embraced the cause of the Southern rebels.

Gen. Neal Dow and Staff were captured by guerillas on the night of June 30. Gen. Dow was wounded in the action of the 14th at Port Hudson, and was residing temporarily at the house of a woman who professed loyalty to the Union, though she had a husband and other relations in the rebel army. The correspondent of the N. Y. *Times* says: "We are on all sides surrounded by precisely just such charming and innocent cages to entrap our too-confiding military commanders, not only here but wherever we have had an army since the war began, with very few and extraordinary exceptions. To distrust the loyalty and devotion to the Union cause of any ladies having husbands and brothers in the rebel army! to suspect them of harboring and aiding rebel Captains, who pass backward and forward right through our lines is warring upon women and children; this is not "*chivalry.*" No! to put implicit faith in these "loyal" wives of disloyal husbands; to put our sentinels to stand guard over their property, and send an orderly to hunt up any stray chicken that a hungry Yankee may have knocked on the head by the road side; to let them harbor our enemies to gobble up a Brigadier-General and his Staff now and then, by way of pastime, etc.—anything short of this is not what your West Pointers call chivalry; it is—in the opinion of too many with great shoulder straps—uncivilized warfare upon our 'erring brethren,' and brutal abolition fanaticism. Thus we go on—like good old Dame Partington—sweeping back the ocean tide of rebellion with the broom of 'conservatism.'"

TERRIBLE RIOT IN NEW YORK.

On Monday morning last the peaceable inhabitants of this city were startled by the announcement, that a mob had invaded the enrolling office at the corner of Third avenue and 46th street, where the draft was going on, destroyed the books and papers, attacked the officers with brickbats and stones, overpowered the police, almost killed the Superintendent, and burned the whole block, driving helpless women and children homeless into the street. Simultaneously, as if by preconcerted arrangement, riotous demonstrations broke out in various parts of the city; colored men, quietly passing along the street, were set upon by ruffians and compelled to run for their lives. On this point *The Times* says:

"It seemed to be an understood thing throughout the city that the negroes should be attacked wherever found, whether they offered any provocation or not. As soon as one of these unfortunate people was spied, whether on a cart, a railroad car, or in the street, he was immediately set upon by a crowd of men and boys, and unless some man of pluck came to his rescue, or he was fortunate enough to escape into a building, he was inhumanly beaten and perhaps killed. There were probably not less than a dozen negroes beaten to death in different parts of the city during the day. Among the most diabolical of these outrages that have come to our knowledge is that of a negro cartman living in Carmine street. About 8 o'clock in the evening as he was coming out of the stable, after having put up his horses, he was attacked by a crowd of about 400 men and boys, who beat him with clubs and paving-stones, till he was lifeless, and then hung him to a tree opposite the burying-ground. Not being yet satisfied with their devilish work, they set fire to his clothes and danced and yelled and swore their horrid oaths around his burning corpse. The charred body of the poor victim was still hanging upon the tree at a late hour last evening.

"Early in the afternoon the proprietors of such saloons and other places of business as had negroes in their employ, were obliged to close up for fear that the rioters would destroy their premises. In most of them the negroes were compelled to remain over night, not daring to go home lest they be mobbed on the way."

About noon (on Monday) Printing-House Square' in front of the *Tribune* and *Times* offices, was soon filled by an angry crowd, among whom threats were heard that those offices—that of *The Tribune* more especially—should be burned and "old Greeley" hung.

The Police Commissioners were wholly unprepared for such an outbreak, and before the force at their command could be rallied, the mob had swelled to such proportions, that military power was alone adequate to overcome it, and that, unfortunately, was not at hand, nearly all the organized forces having gone to the war. The Mayor was lacking—so it is said, whether truly or not we do not know—in the promptness and courage requisite in such an emergency, and Gen. Wool, U. S. Commander in this Department, either knew not what to do, or, knowing, had not the means to accomplish what the crisis demanded at his hands. The police, stunned for a moment by the loss of their chief, who had been almost killed, rallied with great courage and energy, and we owe it to them that the city was not wholly surrendered to the mob. Commissioner Acton is said to have exhibited great administrative and strategic ability. In many places, however, the mob were so powerful, that single policemen, and even squads of two or three, were scarcely more safe than the poor negroes.

For several hours on Monday the mob had almost complete sway. The armory in Second avenue was attacked, and after a severe struggle, was burned. The cars on the Second and Third avenues were stopped, partly because it was not safe to run through the "infected district," and partly because the employees of the roads, being either in the mob or threatened by it, refused to work. The mob formed themselves into marauding parties and roamed from place to place, knocking down and robbing peaceable citizens, breaking into stores and dwellings and plundering and pilfering them and maltreating any poor negro that happened to fall in their way. Two fine residences in Lexington avenue, the Bull's Head hotel, a drafting-office on Broadway (near 23d st.), the house of the city Postmaster (at Yorkville), and, worse than all, the Colored Orphan Asylum on the Fifth avenue, were pillaged and burned. About 9 o'clock in the evening the mob broke into the publishing room of *The Tribune*, pillaged it, and set the building on fire; but a police squad arrived in time to repel the rioters and extinguish the flames.

Monday night was a time of fearful anxiety and excitement among the peaceable people of the city, who went to their beds—such of them as went there at all—under the most terrible apprehension as to what might happen before morning. The report, however, that the authorities were straining every nerve for the protection of the city, and that military force would not be wanting on the morrow, was calculated to allay their fears. At almost every hour the great fire bell in the City Hall Park broke the stillness of the night by its solemn peal, which was at once responded to by the other fire-bells in different parts of the city, and the heavens were lurid at times with the light of burning buildings.

On Tuesday Gov. Seymour made his appearance, and addressed the mob from the City Hall steps in terms which, to speak mildly, were wholly unsuited to the occasion. He called them his "friends" (a naive confession, for such they are), told them what he had done and meant to do to stop the draft, and advised them to go to their homes in peace. The spirit of his speech, plausibly disguised, was about this: "My dear friends and supporters! you are good fellows and you have been grossly wronged. I know your provocation is great, but your indiscreet conduct will ruin the party. I am sworn to protect the public peace, and I beg you to desist." The mob cheered him lustily, but in the next breath hissed and groaned at a body of soldiers approaching the City Hall. Later in the day the Governor issued a proclamation, in which he apologized to the mob, while he promised to put it down!

We have not space for even a brief report of the operations of the mob on Tuesday. A small military force coöperated with the police, and by their combined efforts the mob was in many instances overpowered; but in spite of all that could be done to check them, the ruffians committed a great many outrages. Houses and stores were pillaged, citizens were assaulted and robbed. About 5 o'clock, p.m., a gang of ruffians attacked the house of our friend James S. Gibbons, in 29th st., because, as was falsely alleged, "Horace Greeley boarded there." They broke in the windows and doors, and completely gutted the house, throwing into the street books and furniture, which were immediately seized upon by the crowd without, and borne away piecemeal. Soon after these acts had been consummated, a detail of about fifty soldiers and thirty policemen appeared on the ground and marched through the streets, clearing it of all obstructions. The rioters afterwards returned for the purpose of firing the house, but were repulsed. Immediately after the rioters had consummated their work upon the supposed boarding-house of Horace Greeley, a cry was raised against a respectable appearing young man that he was a "*Tribune* reporter," and instantly he was set upon by the infuriated devils, who pursued, knocked him down, and beat and kicked him about the body, face and head in such a way as to leave him nearly dead. A gentleman present interfered and succeeded in saving the young man's life. *The Tribune* and *Times* offices were put in such a state of defence before Tuesday evening, that if the rioters had made an attack they would have been killed by hundreds.

The great manufacturing establishments of the city stopped work, and indeed almost every branch of business was suspended, and the streets were thronged all day by multitudes of people, among whom were many rioters, and many more who roamed about seeing what was to be seen. It is said that a hundred or more of the rioters were killed by the military or the police, and a still larger number wounded. Some of the policemen, too, were badly hurt.

At this time (Wednesday morning) the general impression is that the authorities have the upper hand, and that the riot is substantially over; but still there are rumors of fresh outrages, which may or may not prove true. The military force is augmenting every hour, and good citizens confidently believe that the rioters, if they renew their demonstrations, will be promptly squelched.

There are many incidents of the riot that we would gather up if our space were not exhausted; but our readers have access to other channels of information. Our friends will be glad to learn that the office of this paper (thanks to our obscurity) has not been molested.

Of the causes of the riot we have not time to speak at length. We will only say that it is the natural fruit of the teachings of the Copperhead papers of this city, which for months past have been filled with the basest appeals to the passions of the "dangerous classes." While the draft was the ostensible pretext, opposition to the war and sympathy with the rebellion was the real cause of the mob. The responsibility of it rests upon the wily leaders of the Democratic party. Of this, however, we shall have opportunity to speak hereafter.

Thursday morning.—We have only time, before going to press, to say that although the mob committed fearful outrages yesterday (among which we may mention the beating to death and hanging of two colored men), the night was comparatively quiet; and the general feeling this morning is that the "left wing of Lee's army," as the mob has been well called, is at the end of its tether. There was hard fighting yesterday between the rioters and the military, and many of the former and a few of the latter were either killed or wounded.

ANNIVERSARY AT MEADVILLE, PA.

To the Editor of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.

Our lovely town was arrayed in her *best* for anniversary week. The delightful showers of the previous week had given freshness and charm to the foliage, and the roses, then in bloom, were imperial in their beauty. The outward world was all that could be desired, and the warm-hearted friends, for which Meadville is justly noted, were a proper counterpart to the attractions of nature. True, the invader was in the Commonwealth, the sound of battle almost reached us, the dreadful *reality* of war was crowding close upon our homes and hearts, and all felt solicitude, yet it was a week of joy. The deep blue sky, the hills, eloquent in their quiet majesty, carolling birds and blooming flowers, all seemed to take no notice of the great grief that was gnawing at our hearts. May this not be a hint that God's method of healing the troubled spirit may sometimes be by silence and sweetness rather than by words and demonstration? This great calm of nature seems almost a *rebuke* to our anxious, troubled lives. So while we did not forget our woe, we were helped for the time to be superior to it.

The friends from abroad began to come as early as Monday. On Tuesday the goodly form of Dr. Furness was seen in our midst. In the evening we gathered in the chapel to listen to the address of Mr. Everett Finley before the "Society of Inquiry. His subject was, "Life and Expression." The next day was spent for the most part socially, professors, friends, alumni, and students, having a time of real enjoyment together. In the afternoon we had a pleasant conference meeting in the chapel. Dr. Hosmer presided. The speaking was done by graduates of the school, and their words were brave and helpful. The sermon in the evening was the great *word* of the occasion. It was pleasant to listen to the words of our chosen prophet. "The truth as it is in Jesus," was the preacher's theme, a subject worthy the sacred occasion, and the noble man who spoke. He *looked* like one able to talk about Jesus. It seems fitting for this eloquent advocate of human freedom to speak of the Great Teacher, whose idea of freedom was never modified by the *color of a man's skin*, whether light or dark.

The sermon was rich, full, life-giving, affectionate. One felt allured by it towards divine things, and Christ himself seemed therein to have spoken. But let a better pen than this tell how rich a feast the sermon of Dr. Furness before the class of '63 was, or what would be better, let it be published.

Thursday could not have been more pleasant than it was. How could we help being happy? We knew that some were to go forth not to return again, but we knew moreover that they were going forth *to work*, and that it was expedient for them to go; we could not therefore entertain vain regrets. God gave us peace, and we could not question it. Loving hands made the church beautiful with flowers. The pulpit and platform were decorated with exquisite floral offerings, with a success which betrayed itself at once. Now the service begins. Make melody, organ and choir, and kindle the flame of devotion within us. Help us and make us strong. Prof. Cary's devout manner and utterance aid us all to pray with him. Now the themes. You shall have them in order: 1. The Prophet and Statesman, Francis E. Abbot. 2. The Church of a Free People, George Batchelor. 3. The Truth Conquers through Sacrifice, Stephen H. Camp. 4. Intuition and Logic as related to Faith, Everett Finley. 5. Reform in Theology, Allen O. Tullu.

In listening to these themes, one could easily detect indications of such heresies respecting freedom as The Standard promulgates. And for this The Standard is partly *responsible*. It has constantly visited the reading room, and has been eagerly read by a majority of the students. Thus new leaven is put in operation, and the great lump is becoming more and more permeated. Happy young men to step upon the stage of action at this solemn crisis in our country's life. Now comes the end, Dr. Stearns's double parting with his class and with the school. Another sacred song, benediction by Dr. Hosmer, and we are done.

The social gathering at Mr. A. Huidekoper's, in the evening, was just what might have been expected—delightful in every particular. Then we pronounced our adieus and parted. When will the happy day come again, and when shall we meet next? C.

THE BLACK SOLDIERS IN SOUTH CAROLINA.

Headquarters 2d Regt. S. C. Vols.,
St. Simon's, Georgia, June 14, 1863.

To the Editor of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.

You who have watched the organization of negro troops in this department with considerable interest would, I have no doubt, like to hear something of their operations. The first regiment, commanded by Col. T. W. Higginson, of Massachusetts, has been on several expeditions to Florida, all of which have been faithfully chronicled in the Northern papers. Our organization is of so recent date that we have scarcely had time to do anything. But with such a leader as Col. Jim Montgomery, time is not of much consequence, which is sufficiently shown in that, although we have only been fully organized since the first of May, yet we have been on three expeditions, all of which have proved very disastrous to the rebels. The first one was to Combahee Ferry, on the river of the same name, about thirty miles inland, on the main. The expedition consisted of the steamers Harriet A. Weed and Sentinel, with five companies of the regiment on board, and the John Adams with a company of artillery, commanded by Capt. Brayton, of Rhode Island. We left Beaufort, S. C., at half-past seven o'clock, on the evening of the first of June, and arrived at Field's Point, on the Combahee river, fifteen miles from its mouth, at half-past three o'clock on the morning of the 2d. Here Co. D, commanded by Capt. T. N. Thompson, of Philadelphia, Pa., was landed, to take possession of a fort which the enemy had erected, which was done without opposition, the secesh falling back on their regular skedaddling tactics on the approach of the "*nigger soldiers.*"

The fleet then proceeded up to Tar Bluff, three miles further up the river, and landed Capt. Carver commanding Co. E, another Pennsylvania officer, while the rest of the force went to the Ferry, twelve miles further. Thus we held all the principal points on the river, and the only ones accessible for artillery. Everything being now safe, we commenced the work of destruction. This is the richest district in the South. Along this river are all the splendid rice plantations of South Carolina, and, indeed, they were truly grand. Large mansion-houses, filled with the most costly furniture; gardens laid out in the most princely style; their large rice barns, carriage-houses, boat-houses, and stables, being very fine. Some of the gardens were laid out very tastefully; beautiful arbors, alcoves, fish ponds, and fountains, were scattered in profusion around the mansions; but who could really enjoy all these luxuries, and think it WAS ALL BOUGHT WITH THE SIGHS AND GROANS—AYE! AND OFTEN BLOOD OF HUMAN BEINGS? As we had proceeded up the river, crowds of the jubilant *darks* were seen running across rice fields to the banks of the river, and it was as much as all our small boats could do to pick them up. After all had gone on board, we set fire to all the buildings on both sides of the river for miles around. We then opened the water sluices, turning the river in on the new crop of rice, completely destroying it. Seventy-five thousand bushels of rice was destroyed in the granaries, and a hundred thousand bushels in the hill. Eight hundred slaves were set free, and of all the happy beings I ever saw, they were the happiest; some of them shouting, others singing, for joy. One of them caught hold of us and said, "O, dear massa, been waiting *too long—nigh two year*—fur dis day. *Bress de Lord; him's come* at last," and many other expressions of joy. A large number of horses were also captured, a pair of holster pistols, seven cavalry sabres, and a large quantity of other goods which the rebels could ill spare. At Field's Point the boys had a pretty hard time. No sooner had the boats left Co. D, with Capt. Thompson, than the enemy, seeing how small his force was, advanced and attempted to take the fortification; but he was repulsed with the loss of three killed and several wounded. In the afternoon they returned again, with three companies and several pieces of artillery; but the little garrison successfully resisted all attempts to take the fort, and the Harriet A. Weed arriving half an hour afterward with her 10-pound Parrotts, put an end to the contest. Capt. Carver at Tar Bluff, and Capt. Hoyt further up the river, had several skirmishes with the enemy; but before he could bring any force against us we had completed our work and departed, leaving some seventy or eighty large mansions in flames. In the evening the sight was sublime to us, but the reverse to the rebels. On the morning of the 3d, we arrived safely in Beaufort, and were welcomed with hearty cheers by soldiers and citizens. This letter is quite long enough, but if it proves acceptable, I will write an account of our two other expeditions.

Yours, etc., Ciceronian

Our Boston Correspondence.

Boston, July 13th, 1863.

Thou already knowest, O Standard, how that on the Fourth of July we (thy writer and readers) had a great gathering, and a joyous and spirited celebration, at Framingham; how that, when we returned to this three-hilled city in the evening, we found that the rulers and the people thereof had heard from the chief speaker (called of men Oliver) words of earnest and progressive reform, instead of the dose heretofore customary of the speech called Hunkerism; how that, three days after, we had a solemn casting of the lot, whereby to choose out mighty men of valor, fit to go up for us to battle against the heathen; how that, the same day, tidings came that we had prevailed against the enemy, and driven him back well-nigh unto Jordan, and how the stronghold of the far South also had fallen into our hands; and how the hearts of the Lord's people have waxed joyful and confident thereby. These things, I say, thou already knowest. Of them, therefore, I will not speak further.

Early last week a request came to Boston from the "Christian Commission," the organ of the "Young Men's Christian Association," that ten thousand dollars be immediately raised and sent to Philadelphia to provide hospital stores for the wounded in the great battles which had been and were to be in and around Gettysburg. The officers of this Association bestirred themselves so vigorously, and the people of Boston were so ready to give, that, after speedily raising the sum required, they went on to make and transmit further collections, and the sum raised for this excellent purpose now exceeds twenty-six thousand dollars.

Mr. E. S. Tobey, Chairman of the Boston Committee, spread his table for contributions in the Merchants' Exchange, and the good news which arrived on Thursday last had a wonderful effect in enlarging the contributions. The Society which made this call is primarily a sectarian propagandist association, its great object being to circulate in the army such literature, and diffuse such influences, as those of the American Tract Society. Experience has taught them, however, that tracts will be more acceptable when prefaced by a little "material aid"; and on this particular occasion they announced that the contributions now made would be appropriated *exclusively to Hospital Supplies*. For this reason, many probably now aided them who have heretofore found the Sanitary Commission the better distributor of their bounty.

At the instance of the Boston Committee just mentioned, a meeting of Thanksgiving and Praise for the recent Federal victories was called to assemble in Faneuil Hall at noon on Thursday, July 9th. It seemed designed to be but a mere prayer-meeting, and drew only a moderate attendance. The remarks of Mr. Tobey, on taking the chair, the introductory prayer of Rev. Mr. Webb (of the Shawmut Church), and the hymn printed to be sung on the occasion, displayed only a feeble and vague piety which would have fitted any other prayer-meeting quite as well. But the subsequent speakers, every one, were inspired by a sentiment of liberty, and a recognition of the manner in which God is overruling this war for the overthrow of slavery, which at once gave tone and vigor to the meeting.

The first speaker was Rev. Dr. Stone, just returned from nine months' service at Newbern as Chaplain of the 45th Massachusetts Regiment. The applause which came early in the course of his remarks was the first sign of animation and interest that the audience had displayed. Mr. Tobey immediately rose and suggested that the audience refrain from expressions of applause, as incompatible with the character of the meeting. Since, however, neither Dr. Stone nor his successors on the platform were disposed to cultivate the frigid decorum thus suggested, the audience followed their lead rather than the chairman's, and found occasion to greet each speaker, not only with clapping of hands, but with rousing and thrilling cheers; and it was delightful to find the strongest demonstrations of this sort called forth by the most fervent utterances in welcome of that universal liberty which was announced and predicted, by every speaker, as the certain and best result of the war.

Rev. Drs. Stone and Hague of this city, Rev. Horace James, late Chaplain of the 25th Massachusetts Regiment, and now Superintendent of the colored refugees on Roanoke Island, Rev. Dr. Haven, editor of *Zion's Herald* in this city, and Rev. Mr. Waterston, all showed their hearty recognition of the fact that freedom to the slave, as well as victory over the enemy, is something to thank God for. But the spirit of the meeting reached its climax during the remarks of Rev. Mr. Hunnicut, of Fredericksburg, Va., who has been compelled to flee from his home on account of his loyalty to the government and the flag, and who has been newly converted to anti-slavery by the developments of secession.

Thus it came to pass that the Faneuil Hall meeting was made interesting and profitable, in spite of the efforts of those who called it.

On the evening of the same day a meeting called by the Educational Commission for Freedmen was held in the Tremont Temple, to hear the plans for a colony of Freedmen upon Roanoke Island, now in process of accomplishment. Rev. Dr. Hague, who presided, explained the object of the meeting, and of the Association. It was designed to furnish homes, protection, instruction and employment, first for the families of the 1st Regiment of North Carolina Volunteers, now collected on Roanoke Island, and next for the colored people generally of the mainland adjoining, as fast as the expulsion of the rebels should open opportunities for their permanent establishment in freedom. Dr. Hague also exhibited the beautiful flag, bought by the contributions, and at the spontaneous request, of the poor colored women of this colony, for presentation to their husbands and brothers of the 1st North Carolina Regiment, who are now serving their country in the field. An interesting account of the progress of the colony thus far, and of the plans next to be accomplished, was then given by Rev. Horace James, Superintendent of the freedmen, and spirited addresses followed from Rev. Mr. Hunnicut of Fredericksburg, Va., and Rev. A. L. Stone. All these men understand that patriotism, in our present emergency, requires the most active and thorough opposition to slavery.

The Fifty-fifth Regiment of Massachusetts Volunteers (our second colored regiment) are expected to leave for Newbern some time this week, previously to which a handsome banner, the contribution of friends, is to be presented to them, with addresses from Gov. Andrew, Mr. Phillips and others.

In a discourse delivered yesterday by Wendell Phillips before the 28th Congregational Society (who now close their Sunday services for the customary Summer recess) were some most gratifying details respecting the exemplary conduct of the Fifty-fifth regiment, both as soldiers and as men, during their stay in camp at Readville. Only three cases of intemperance have been found among them. And in point of decency and propriety in language, and correct deportment generally, as well as in sobriety, this regiment, with their immediate predecessors, the Fifty fourth, are acknowledged by the officials and inhabitants in their vicinity to be far superior to any of the regiments who have previously occupied that camp. Moreover, when the Fifty-fifth received their bounty-money, the other day, more than ten thousand dollars of it were sent home to their families. These circumstances show a disposition in the colored people to make a good use of the improved circumstances now opening before them. It may be hoped, too, that such [illegible] on their part will aid in securing for them a juster appreciation and more generous treatment than they have yet experienced.

Mr. Phillips mentioned also an impressive expression which he had chanced to hear at the evening prayer which is regularly held in each company of the Fifty-fifth. "O Lord," said the petitioner, "we do not ask for social equality with our white brethren; but we *do* ask for political equality."

Our Hunker press, like yours, are seizing their opportunity to gird at Mr. Conway, on account of his recent blunder in England, already retracted and apologized for. *The Advertiser* (our "Respectable Daily") speaks of Mr. Conway's correspondence with Mason as "the climax of his many follies." The editor of this paper is a remarkable specimen of the vices of age reaching maturity in a period of comparative youth. He seems never to have felt a generous emotion, but to have acted, from his childhood, upon calculations of selfish expediency "content to dwell in decencies forever." The editor of *The Commonwealth* chastises his impertinence in the following spirited manner, admitting that the act which gave rise to it was an unauthorized and injudicious one. He says: "Even the follies of men like Mr. Conway are more to their credit than the stupid prudence of men who are young without enthusiasm, and old without wisdom; who flatter a crime so long as it is prosperous, and have been trained to look with as much horror on a word misspelled, as on the betrayal of a slave to his master, or the approaching ruin of a great nation." North.

Our Washington Correspondence.

Washington, July 13, 1863.

If Gen. Meade wins another victory before the enemy recrosses the Potomac, we shall soon begin to hear of newspaper propositions for compromise and peace. The N. Y. *Herald* and kindred prints already agitate the subject of a general amnesty and a return to the old *status*. I have some reason to believe that such ideas are not confined entirely to Democratic circles—that there are prominent Republicans who begin to contemplate the possibility of an arrangement with the Southern leaders in the rebellion, or rather with the Southern people. Mr. Seward's speech, the other night, indicates with tolerable clearness his views upon the subject. He expects to see North Carolina within the Union again. But how? Does Mr. Seward expect to see her back as a free State? Unquestionably not. He speaks of a quick return of several States to the Union, and we all know that it is a work of time to establish *free States* south of the border line. The States—so-called—must be held as conquered territory first, and the white aristocracy driven to exile or acquiescence in emancipation. The white population of the rebel States will not accept emancipation except at the point of the bayonet. Yet Mr. Seward talks of their easy return to the Union.

It must be confessed, I think, by all anti-slavery men, that some of Mr. Lincoln's sayings of late squint a little towards the Seward plan of a compromise. The reply of Mr. Lincoln to the Louisiana delegation of planters is, to say the least, queer. The Committee asked that Louisiana be permitted to come back to the Union with all her old privileges—of course, with that of slaveholding among them—and the President declines to grant the request because a portion of the people of the State wish to amend the old State Constitution. Besides, the President says, he does not see that granting their request would "facilitate our military operations in Louisiana." The inference is that whenever the President is convinced that our military operations will be facilitated by permitting a rebel State to return to the Union *with slavery*, he will give his consent!

There are rumors that Mr. Seward is quite willing to accept the return of the rebel States to the Union upon one condition only—that they shall formally abandon the right of secession. There may be no real foundation for it, but it is not an improbable statement. Mr. Seward and Mr. Blair are the two members of the Cabinet who were the last to give in their adhesion to the Emancipation proclamation of the President, and it would not be surprising if they were the first to retrace their steps.

I have alluded to this subject, not for the purpose of exciting dissensions among the loyal men of the free States, but because it is important and is much talked of in certain circles here, and to ignore it would not serve any good purpose.

The course of the enemies of slavery is plain. They can gain nothing by withholding their most earnest support of the war, whatever turn events may take. It is the war alone which can now finish slavery and the rebellion, and it will probably be found in the end that Mr. Seward blunders as ridiculously now as he did two years ago, when he predicted the end of the rebellion in sixty days. If we gain another victory over the enemy upon the banks of the Potomac, be sure that you will hear Mr. Seward talking and ranting about the conclusion of the rebellion within two months. He will see through the spectacles of his brilliant imagination the rebel States, one by one, returning to the Union, and will probably instruct Mr. Adams to say that he expects to see every State represented in the next Congress. This is Mr. Seward's diplomacy. But the facts will not occur as he predicts. It will take longer to trample under foot the rebellious spirit of the South than the optimists suppose. The rebel leaders will not sue for terms to this Administration, and the war will go on—cannot stop—and slavery will be destroyed by it. But one path is open for the Abolitionists—that leading to the earnest prosecution of the war, no matter how it may result.

The National Intelligencer is, as you are aware, the organ of that class of politicians who are for a compromise upon almost any terms that will save the Union. They are unlike the Copperheads of the North in some important respects, for they are really in favor of the war, and would not consent to any peace that would lead to separation. But they (the editors of *The Intelligencer*) argue that the President can at any moment annul his Emancipation Proclamation, if in his opinion it will promote the interests of the country to do so. *The Intelligencer* is by far the ablest advocate of these views, and the fact that Mr. Seward is on very friendly terms with its owners and editors leads many persons to suppose that he agrees with them in their arguments. But this may be a great mistake. Mr. Seward always was a believer in diplomacy, and when he was making his "higher law" speeches in Congress, he was on the best terms with Bob Toombs and slaveholders of that class.

Should Gen. Meade, within a day or two, win a great victory over the enemy, the rebellion will have got its death blow. It will still linger along for a year perhaps, but the optimists will be at work within a fortnight after it. Then will come a terrible struggle in the Cabinet. Two members of it, I feel very sure, will favor a general amnesty and a relinquishment of the Emancipation Proclamation. The other members will oppose anything but the absolute submission of the South and the redemption of the promise of the President to the slaves of the South. It is yet uncertain what course the President will take, and it is, perhaps, of no practical importance, for the rebels will not in this year accept any such terms if they are offered. They will still fight on and compel this government to be honest and thorough in its work. I do not believe that if the worst of the Copperheads was at this hour President, the rebel leaders would agree to return to the old Union upon any terms. They know very well that if anti-slavery is in a minority to-day, it may be in the majority to-morrow, and they wisely refuse any alliance with free States. [illegible]

ABOLITIONISTS AND THE CONSTITUTION.

To the Editor of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.

Your reply to a "Constant reader," in regard to swearing to support the Constitution of the United States, is, to me, far from satisfactory. You say that the government has been relieved by the rebellion from every constitutional obligation to tolerate slavery, and therefore you cannot see why an Abolitionist may not conscientiously swear to support it. Now, I can see that this reason might justify an Abolitionist in assisting the government to put down the rebellion, but I do not see how it would justify him in swearing to support the Constitution. It has not been changed in a single word; and while the government may be relieved from every obligation to tolerate or support slavery (which is very doubtful), how can that justify an Abolitionist or any one else in *assuming* that obligation? Because another may be relieved of a wicked obligation, am I therefore innocent in taking that obligation upon me? I confess I can't see it.

ANOTHER CONSTANT READER.

Editor's Reply.

We stated our own view of the matter very frankly, in reply to a correspondent's question, entering into no argument and seeking no controversy. Believing that every constitutional obligation, resting either upon the government or the citizen, to support slavery, is cancelled by the rebellion, we can see no objection, on anti-slavery grounds, to an oath to support the Constitution. But let every man be fully persuaded in his own mind. It would be a waste of time and room, in our judgment, to discuss the question now.

MRS. GAGE IN RHODE ISLAND.

To the Editor of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.

IN the hospitable house of Hon. Thomas Davis and his wife, Paulina Wright Davis, in one of the loftiest of its chambers, on one of the loftiest of the hills surrounding Providence, R.I., one would think my thoughts naturally would take a lofty turn. But, alas for the incongruity of human affairs, instead thereof, they turn downward—down into valleys, where the cotton mills whirl their ceaseless round, and the men and women of this rare old State are coining wealth, day by day, by supplying the demands of the nation.

Hills and valleys are not so far apart after all, and I think one may safely risk the assertion, that if there were no valleys there would be no hills, and I have somehow been impressed with the thought, as I have walked through the factories, and listened to the busy whirl of spindles, and noted the wealth and power that grew out of their action, that by and by, when there shall be free hands to raise the cotton and free minds to buy the articles manufactured, and the great South shall be a free land (as in God's own time it will be), these clear running brooks will dance more gaily, and turn more numerous somersets over rockier barriers in their haste to clasp hands with the multiplied wheels and spindles that shall await their coming, and whirl on in endless joy and gladness in the shady nooks of New England for centuries to come, their garments spotless and white as the mists of the morning, no stain of the blood of the slave on all their borders.

Talking of mills and factories reminds me that your better half, Mr. Editor, and myself have just been making a delightful trip, a little way up the Blackstone River, among several mills and factories. That we had ample room for enjoyment you will believe when I tell you that we walked deliberately into the hospitalities of Friend Chase and wife, at Valley Falls. Ah! Mr. Editor, where in all the land do we find such calm, quiet happiness, such an earnest of good works as in the homes of those who have in the past years of struggle stood fearlessly in the front ranks of humanity and with unselfish purpose battled for the poor and oppressed? In no home is it more clearly exemplified than in this. "God bless the pair" must fall from every lip that passes their threshold.

From Valley Falls we took a twenty minutes flight, landing at the hospitable domicil of that famously hospitable worker, Edward Harris of Woonsocket. We had a desire to see the man who, in times like these, can do such noble works of charity as THE STANDARD and other papers accredit to him. Seventy-five thousand dollars for a library and other buildings! How is it—does this man give that his name may be sounded abroad, while he wrings from the poor the gifts he bestows? We shall see.

This man, who once knew what it was to want a dollar, and who could shoulder a pack and walk hundreds of miles on his own feet, knows better than that. His own experiences have taught him to feel for others, and his donation to the Town of Woonsocket, his hundred dollars sent boldly to the martyr John Brown, and his refusal to deal with slaveholders on terms of trust, as in past years, stand out among his noblest and best deeds.

The daily kindness to the laborers in his employ, their comfortable homes, the good taste, order, neatness, and beauty, with which he has surrounded them, all attest that his charities are not all found registered in the newspapers. I know that he forgetteth not the poor, and the needy pass not from his door empty.

He is now engaged in a herculean labor, that of building a factory, said to be the largest in the State, on the hills above Woonsocket. One stands awestruck at the magnitude of the work already done. Hills cut down, valleys filled, rivers turned from their course and made to do his bidding in roaring waterfalls and tumbling cataracts.

Four hundred workmen find employ on this new work, and a thousand are helping themselves by helping him carry on his various operations. "There (said his coachman) are the people's gardens," pointing to well cultivated gardens in the distance. Mr. Harris gives his hands as much land for themselves as would make a big farm for many another man.

But we must not forget his grapery and peach orchard in our wonder and admiration of his vast piles of masonry and machinery—never, anywhere, have we seen such luxuriance of grape growing or peach culture under glass. The clusters of black Hamburgs, just putting on their first ripening blush, and of white Muscatines, were wondrous in their size and weight, and would have done honor to California records. But they hung too high to put in the scales. But higher than the factory walls, more attractive than peach or grape, more cheering than the wide-spreading sweep of landscape dotted with neat towns and villages, and more soul-inspiring than all combined, as a prophecy for the future, is the earnest interest of these great cotton kings in the cause of emancipation; not that partial emancipation that leaves, like the slovenly farmer, thistles in the fence corners, to scatter their seeds over the whole field, but that emancipation which reaches the humblest of God's poor in the remotest corner of our wicked world.

Pennsylvania may be invaded, Washington may fall by the hands of traitors, and rebeldom triumph for a day; but "God has no attribute that can take sides with the oppressor." Permit me, in the language of one of our negro songs, to close this letter:

"Don't get weary waiting, brother,
Waiting on the Lord,
Waiting, waiting, waiting, waiting on the Lord."

FRANCES D. GAGE.

A LETTER FROM CHARLES W. DENISON.

AMBER COTTAGE, HYDE PARK, Mass., June 27, 1863.
To the Editor of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.

SIR: I respectfully ask permission to state a few facts, which, I hope, will satisfactorily explain my position.

1. It is evident that I have a right to the usual ministerial title, for I am in regular standing as a clergyman of the Baptist denomination. I have for several years been a member of one of the most thorough anti-slavery Churches in New England.

2. It is evident that I had a right to be called the Chaplain of the *George Griswold*, inasmuch as, after having repeatedly performed religious service on board the ship, on her passage out, I was publicly introduced, on her arrival in Liverpool, by the proper parties, in that capacity. I remained at that post, holding Sabbath worship on board, on one occasion being advertised and recognized as the Chaplain. When the ship was discharged, I ceased my duties, and entered on my contemplated mission—addressing the people of Lancashire on the American question.

3. It is evident that the President of the United States knew of my intention to go forth on this mission of mercy, for I telegraphed him to that purport, having previously tendered to him my resignation as Hospital Chaplain. Immediately on my arrival in Liverpool I forwarded him a special dispatch, through the American Consul at that port, duly informing him of the nature, reception and progress of my mission, and again tendering him my resignation of my Chaplaincy. My name was dropped from the rolls in accordance with the usual form, and my own wishes. I deemed this judicious, as it enabled me to speak with entire independence and impartiality to the English people. On my recent return to America, I have had satisfactory interviews with the President and other authorities at Washington, and expect, ere long, to go back to England.

4. It is evident that I did not claim to represent the government of the United States, nor our Churches, nor the anti-slavery or any other party, during my whole stay in England. On the contrary, I took especial pains, in public and private, to disclaim all such connection, believing that I could do more good by occupying an independent position.

5. It is evident that my antecedents are not what you state them to be, inasmuch as, in all my connections with the administration of national affairs, I always based my determined purpose to maintain, at all hazards, the Union and Constitution of my country, as the strongest political ground-work for overthrowing American slavery, on distinct pledges from candidates, and friends of candidates, for office, of an avowed anti-slavery character. I repeatedly resigned important and lucrative positions, because I could not retain them and successfully carry out this Christian and patriotic purpose of my life—a purpose that I have steadily and sacredly adhered to, through misconception and obloquy, for more than a quarter of a century.

6. It is evident that the estimate of my word, among those who know me well, is not what you describe it, inasmuch as I freely enjoy all the privileges and prerogatives of a regular Baptist minister of decided anti-slavery opinions. I am invited to occupy the pulpits of the United States. I am appointed to speak before responsible religious, literary and patriotic bodies. I am a stated contributor to influential magazines and journals in the United States and England.

In view of these facts, sir, and remembering, also, that I was the first editor in New England to insert and commend the prospectus of *The Liberator*; that I was the first editor of *The Emancipator*, then the only anti-slavery paper of the country out of New England; that I was the first agent of the original American Anti-Slavery Society; you will, I trust, comply with my courteous request to allow this letter of explanation to appear in your columns. I do not ask you to change your opinions with regard to me. I do not ask you, or any one else, to occupy the ground I take and hold—that I will go with proper men in ninety and nine non essentials if they will go with me in the one hundredth paramount importance. These are matters between the eternal God and my own soul. All I do ask is that you will kindly permit me to be heard in my own way. I am prepared to leave the consequences with the future.

I remain, sir,
Your obedient servant,
CHARLES W. DENISON.

Remarks.

We publish Mr. Denison's defence in accordance with the rule by which this journal has always been governed in such cases. The statements we made respecting him were made under a sense of duty to the anti-slavery cause and to its friends on the other side of the water. We would gladly retract them if we could honestly do so, but we cannot. His apostacy to the anti-slavery cause in 1850 was alike notorious and shameless, and his attempt now to justify his course upon the pretence that it was consistent with his previous anti-slavery professions is the very acme of impudence and effrontery. Just think of it! The compromises of 1850, including the diabolical Fugitive Slave law, were enacted for the avowed purpose of crushing out the anti-slavery movement and putting a stop to all agitation of the subject of slavery. They shocked the moral sentiment, not of Abolitionists alone, but of the friends of liberty throughout the world. At that fearful crisis, when the slave-hunters were seeking their prey in all our Northern cities, and recreant statesmen were scoffing at the Higher Law, and all that was vile in the land had conspired to destroy the cause with which Mr. Denison had been so long identified, he left the anti-slavery ranks and employed his voice and his pen on the side of slavery and its abettors; and when that convenient tool of the Slave Power, Franklin Pierce, was elected President, and pro-slavery men everywhere were exulting in their triumph over the Abolitionists, Mr. Denison, as the reward of his treachery, accepted office at his hands. In the face of these facts he now has the assurance to say that he acted on "distinct pledges from candidates, and friends of candidates, of an anti-slavery character!" In another letter, addressed to us from England, he says: "It is due to me that it should be stated, that I held written pledges from Gen. Taylor, Mr. Webster, and other public men, which enabled me conscientiously to occupy the position I did with reference to them." Now we no more believe this than we believe that Judas, when he betrayed the Son of God for thirty pieces of silver, had in *his* pocket "written pledges" from Pilate and the Chief Priests, which "enabled him *conscientiously* to occupy the position he did with reference to them." The idea that Daniel Webster and Franklin Pierce, whose highest purpose and ambition was the overthrow of the anti-slavery movement, made private, written pledges, which a conscientious Abolitionist could accept as a ground for supporting them! Could anything be more absurd or preposterous than such a pretence? There is not an intelligent man, Abolitionist or anti-Abolitionist, who will not scout it as a brazen falsehood.

That Mr. Denison may have a technical "right to the usual ministerial title" may be true, for that title in this country is very cheap; and he may, for aught we know, be a member of a Church professing to be anti-slavery, for Churches are proverbially lax in discipline. We only insist that he has not the confidence of Abolitionists of any class in this country, and we insist upon this only, because it is a duty we owe to our friends over the water.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

JOURNAL OF A RESIDENCE ON A GEORGIAN PLANTATION in 1838–1839. By FRANCES ANNE KEMBLE. Pp. 337. New York: Harper and Brothers.

The friends and apologists of slavery persistently affirm, that the pictures of the system drawn by Abolitionists, if not entirely false, are at least grossly exaggerated—the product, not of actual observation and experience, but of the imagination, working under the influence of a fanatical spirit. "If you would know what slavery is," says the advocate of the system, "go to the South; you will find the masters kind and indulgent, the slaves contented and happy—happier and better off by far than the free negroes of the North." And not unfrequently has it been claimed that they are the most fortunate laboring population, of whatever color, in all the world

Well, Mrs. Kemble went to the South, and was for six months the mistress of a plantation. She had the fullest opportunity to examine the workings of slavery in every particular. She saw the slaves in the field and in the cabin; she had daily intercourse with planters and overseers; she became familiar with features of the system which a mere visitor rarely sees; and she has given us in this book the simple narrative of what she saw and felt, as recorded at the time, in letters addressed to her friend, Mrs. Elizabeth Dwight Sedgwick, of Lenox, Mass. And what a picture of unrelenting despotism and infernal cruelty it is! It more than confirms all that the Abolitionists have ever alleged against the system, and no humane person can read it without emotions of disgust, horror and indignation.

Mrs. Kemble, as she herself tells us, was not an Abolitionist. The plantation on which she resided was that of her husband, and she had every motive for desiring to think well of the system that would be presented to any true-hearted woman. Her testimony is, for this reason, all the more valuable.

On the fourth page will be found extracts from the work, and we shall print others hereafter. But our readers should get the book itself, for the passages we have culled from it are only a feeble suggestion of its power as a whole.

THE ANTI-TOBACCO JOURNAL for July and August contains a variety of short and pithy articles, of which we give the titles: Memoranda of my War on Tobacco; What's the Harm of Smoking? Tobacco and Hard Times; Rev. Dr. Cox, the Clergy and Tobacco; Death, and Death's Prime Minister; Send the Temperance Tract; How Judy Cured Jemmy of his Bottle; The Drunkard's Bill of Fare; A Snake in the Grass; Annual Report of the Amercian Anti-Tobacco Society; A Substitute for the Indian Weed; William Howitt's Four Doctors; The Way Tobacco is Prepared; The Cup of Devils; A Dog's Legacy; Save your Friends in the Army; Sabbath School Circular. Rev. George Trask, editor, Fitchburg, Mass.

Mr. Trask is engaged in a very important work, and deserves the sympathy and support of the friends of human health and moral purity everywhere.

THE PROCEEDINGS OF THE MEETING OF LOYAL WOMEN OF THE REPUBLIC, held in New York, May 14, 1863, have been published in a neat pamphlet, making 86 pages, and embracing the addresses of Elizabeth Cady Stanton, Susan B. Anthony, Angelina G. Weld, Mrs. Calkstone of California, Mrs. Hoyt of Wisconsin, Ernestine L. Rose, Lucy N. Colman, Mrs. Spence, Lucy Stone, and Rev. Antoinette B. Blackwell; also a large number of letters in response to the call of the Convention The pamphlet can be obtained on application to Susan B. Anthony, at the office of the Women's Loyal National League, 20 Cooper Institute.

THE CHRISTIAN EXAMINER for July contains eight articles, entitled as follows: 1. "Conditions of Belief"—a review of Farrar's "Critical History of Free Thought in reference to the Christian Religion"; 2. "Mrs. Browning's Essays on the Poets"; 3. "Rome, Republican and Imperial"; 4. The Pulpit in the Past"; 5. "Kinglake and his Critics"; 6. "The Colenso Controversy"; 7. "Art and Artists of America"; 8. "Review of Current Literature." Boston: Walker, Wise & Co.

THE REBELLION RECORD, Part XXXII., is wholly occupied with "Documents and Narratives," covering the period from Oct. 1862 to Feb. 1863. The portraits prefixed are those of Maj.-Gen. Daniel Butterfield and Com. C. H. Davis. G. P. Putnam, Publisher, 441 Broadway; Charles T. Evans, General Agent, 448 Broadway.

OUR RECENT VICTORIES.

By the President of the United States—A Proclamation.

IT has pleased Almighty God to hearken to the supplications and prayers of an afflicted people, and to vouchsafe to the Army and the Navy of the United States, on the land and on the sea, victories so signal and so effective as to furnish reasonable grounds for augmented confidence that the union of these States will be maintained, their Constitution preserved and their peace and prosperity permanently preserved; but these victories have been accorded not without sacrifice of life, limb, health and liberty, incurred by brave, patriotic and loyal citizens.

Domestic affliction in every part of the country follows in the train of these fearful bereavements. It is meet and right to recognize and confess the presence of the Almighty Father, and the power of His hand equally in these triumphs and these sorrows.

Now, therefore, be it known that I do set apart Thursday, the sixth day of August next, as a day for National thanksgiving, praise and prayer, and I invite the people of the United States to assemble on that occasion in their customary places of worship, and, in the forms approved by their own conscience, render the homage due to the Divine Majesty for the wonderful things He has done in the nation's behalf, and invoke the influence of His Holy Spirit to subdue the anger which has produced and so long sustained a needless and cruel rebellion; to change the hearts of the insurgents; to guide the counsels of the government with wisdom adequate to so great a national emergency, and to visit with tender care and consolation, throughout the length and breadth of our land, all those who through the vicissitudes of marches, voyages, battles and sieges, have been brought to suffer in mind, body or estate, and finally to lead the whole nation through paths of repentance and submission to the Divine Will back to the perfect enjoyment of Union and fraternal peace.

In witness whereof I have hereunto set my hand and caused the seal of the United States to be affixed

Done at the City of Washington this 15th day of July, in the year of our Lord One thousand eight hundred and sixty-three, and of the Independence of the United States of America the eighty-eighth.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.
By the President.
WILLIAM H. SEWARD,
Secretary of State.

Chronicles of the War.

Latest News in Brief.

LEE'S army has escaped, having crossed the Potomac at two points—Falling Waters and Williamsport—on Monday night. The rear-guard, a brigade of infantry, 1,500 strong, was captured by our cavalry at Falling Waters.

The news of the surrender of Vicksburg is confirmed. The number of prisoners taken and parolled by Gen. Grant was 31,227. Among the officers captured are one Lieutenant General, four Major-Generals, and between fifteen and twenty Brigadier-Generals. Sixty thousand stand of small arms have been found, mainly in good condition, and more were constantly being discovered. They were concealed in caves, as well as in all sorts of buildings. The siege and sea-coast guns found exceed sixty, and the whole captured artillery is about two hundred pieces. The store of rebel ammunition also proves to be surprisingly heavy. The stock of army clothing is officially invoiced at five million of dollars (Confederate prices).

Immediately after the surrender of Vicksburg, Gen. Sherman moved in the direction of the Big Black river with a large army. On the following day he met Gen. Johnston drawn up in line of battle. A sanguinary engagement took place, resulting in Gen. Johnston's defeat and the capture of 2,000 prisoners.

Gen. Frank P. Blair is reported to be in possession of Jackson.

The following official dispatch will send a thrill of joy throughout the North:

VICKSBURG, Miss., Saturday, July 11—3 p.m.
Major-Gen. HALLECK, *General-in-Chief*:

The following dispatch has been received from Gen. Banks:

BEFORE PORT HUDSON, Wednesday, July 8, 1863.

GENERAL: The Mississippi is now opened. I have the honor to inform you that the garrison of Port Hudson surrendered unconditionally this afternoon. We shall take formal possession at 7 o'clock in the morning.

N. P. BANKS, Major-General.
U. S. GRANT, Major-General.

Another attack on Charleston is reported. All of Morris Island, except Fort Wagner, has been captured, and the siege of that fort was progressing, at last accounts, with every prospect of capture. Five Monitors are engaged in the work.

Bragg has evacuated Chattanooga and retreated to Atlanta, Ga. Gen. Rosecrans captured 4,000 prisoners during his late forward movement. The presumption is that the bulk of Bragg's forces have been sent to Richmond to garrison it.

The rebel Morgan is making a raid in Vallandigham's District (Southwestern Ohio), tearing up railroads, burning bridges, and committing other depredations among his Copperhead friends.

The Army and the Negroes.

EVERYWHERE THE AMERICAN GENERAL RECEIVES HIS MOST USEFUL AND RELIABLE INFORMATION FROM THE NEGRO, *who hails his coming as the harbinger of Freedom.*"—*Wm. H. Seward's Official Dispatch to Mr. Adams.*

REBEL CIVILIZATION.

It is stated among the men, on the authority of some of the men who have deserted, that some of the poor negroes, who were made prisoners in the first fight were tied up, and the rebel soldiers amused themselves by probing them with their bayonets, wounding and cruelly maltreating them, and subjecting them to every indignity. All of which is in perfect keeping with the threats held out, and in accordance with the practice of "Christian civilized warfare," as understood by the Southern chivalry. But for all such atrocities there is a day of reckoning. Our men are exasperated beyond all conception, and if they do not, whenever they get into Port Hudson, give these semi-savages one of their own lessons, we shall indeed be disappointed. —*Army Cor. near Port Hudson.*

GUERILLAS RAVAGING THE PLANTATIONS.

Chickasaw Bayou, Miss., July 1, 1863.—The leased plantations in the vicinity of Milliken's Bend and Lake Providence (about sixty in number) were reported to be doing very well until recently. But the force which has been hovering about Richmond and other points on the West side of the river, having a base of supplies somewhere this side of Delhi, have paid them their respects. Day before yesterday they burned and devastated six of these leased plantations, near Lake Providence, and captured two companies of colored troops, 170 in number. The negroes, from entrenchments, fought as long as they had ammunition. Mr. Field, President of the Commission for leasing the plantations, informed me that they fired in all 11,000 cartridges, and killed at least 200 rebels, before they surrendered. He estimates the force attacking them at 4,000, and says the rebels had eight pieces of artillery. This was at what is known as the Mountain Farm, about five miles from the river.—*Tribune.*

ADJT.-GEN. THOMAS'S TESTIMONY.

"I was sent," said Gen. Thomas the other day to a gentleman in Philadelphia, "by the President to organize the blacks of the Southwest into regiments, and I performed my mission without difficulty. The army made no opposition, and the blacks enlisted with alacrity. The able-bodied of entire plantations came *en masse* and asked to be enrolled. And," added the General, "they make first-rate soldiers—in some respects even better than the whites. They are admirably adapted for picket duty. However sleepy a negro may be in the day time and in the sun, make a sentinel of him and his vigilance can't be exceeded. He hears and sees everything that may be going on around him. He is equally good as a scout. He knows where to look for the guerillas, and how to deal with them when found."

ARRIVAL OF NEGROES FROM SAVANNAH.

From The Port Royal New South, June 27.

On Saturday night last at 12 o'clock, eight negro slaves, six men and two women, taking advantage of the excitement prevalent in Savannah on account of the capture of the Atlanta, escaped from that city in a row boat. They got down to Ossabaw safely, went from there to Ogeechee, and from thence were sent here, arriving Monday night. They report that the rebels were much disappointed and disgusted at the capture of the Atlanta, and that various speculations were afloat as to the cause of the disaster. Some think the crew mutinied, and ran the ram ashore on purpose; while a few attribute the capture to the accuracy and terrific effect of the Weehawken's shots. The steamer Georgia, built of live oak, is to be iron plated, but the plates are not put on, and she is not nearly finished. The celebrated floating battery, built of railroad iron, is acknowledged by the rebels to be a failure. It is stationed down the river near the obstructions. These negroes show superior intelligence even for "intelligent contrabands," and seem to be well posted about matters at Savannah.

A YOUNG NEGRO'S EXPLOIT.

The Philadelphia *North American*, on the authority of an officer in the Custom-house, on leave of absence from Col. Thomas's regiment, tells the following story: "When the regiment was at Wrightsville, Col. Thomas, at a point about a mile above the bridge, gave his horse to a little black boy to hold. The boy is about thirteen years old, and about the color of Russia sheet-iron. The first thing the boy knew a squad of rebels came up. 'Here, you black ——,' said a sergeant, grasping at the bridle of the horse, 'we want that animal.' Quick as a flash the little darkey struck the horse's ribs with his heels, gave an Ethiopian yell, and away the animal sped, like a frightened deer. The rebels drew guns on him and fired several shots, one of which slightly grazing the animal's haunch, gave him wings as well as legs. The little darkey rode till he came to a point where he could take the water, and then swam the quadruped safely over by the light of the burning bridge. Col. Thomas has taken the boy with him, and has undertaken to see to his future well being."

FROM MISSISSIPPI.

Haines Bluff, Miss., June 21.—We have thousands of contrabands in this vicinity, most of them in camps, and it is a pity that they are not further from the army; it is demoralizing to soldier and negro. They should be taken some miles from here and left to themselves. We are not in a position to give much attention to them, though I think we might do much better than we do. They are taken and fed by us that they may not labor for the enemy; and where we can use them they seem willing to labor and do all they can. I should not have mentioned this matter at all were it not that I see some papers who look upon the peculiar institution as the children of Israel did upon the holy of holies, make mention of it as an argument against the government and in favor of Saint Jeff. The facts are these. A white cavalryman violated a negro woman—a grandmother in the presence of her grandchildren. For this Shepherd ordered him whipped. Two negro soldiers tied him ready for the punishment, but upon reflection knew that he had no right to have any soldier whipped. Of course it spread through the camp "negroes whipping white soldiers." Then traitors at home spread it, "Don't enlist, you will be whipped by *niggers*." Persons who do such things at home are worse than the enemy here. In the late engagement where negro soldiers proved their prowess, the peculiar character showed out. In one instance, a negro stood where there was a pile of dead, and upon the top a rebel who had his brains knocked out. A dead negro with a fearful bayonet wound in his head lay beside him. "*I killed dat man, he sticked Jim wid his gun.*"—*Cincinnati Gazette.*

HANGING A DESERTER.

Hilton Head, July, 1863.—It will be remembered that early last Summer, Gen. Hunter organized a negro regiment which was never recognized by the government nor formally disbanded by himself, but which frittered itself away by desertions and by being taken up and absorbed by the Quartermaster and Commissary Departments. When authority at last came to organize negro troops, between 100 and 200 of this old regiment volunteered to serve in the 1st South Carolina, Col. Higginson; and when the 2d South Carolina, Col. Montgomery was raised, the remaining portion were drafted and assigned to this regiment. The habits acquired in the original regiment on account of not having been recognized by the government, and having been neglected by the commanding generals of this department; the absence of all discipline, and the dim prospect of ever being paid for their services; the utter indifference manifested by almost every one for their welfare, and the natural aversion of the negro to enforced labor, rendered them not the best material for soldiers, and it was not surprising that what was very common in the armies at the South, and had been overlooked by both the government and the commanding generals, should become of frequent occurrence in the 2d South Carolina. Desertions became frequent, so frequent, that within three weeks nearly one hundred left the regiment, many of them while performing picket service at night. Col. Montgomery soon discovered that unless this was summarily stopped he would soon be without a command. He called his troops together, and told them that thereafter he would shoot all who were caught and pardon all who returned. But very few returned. One was caught. He was brought into camp last Saturday evening, and told by Col. Montgomery in person that at 9½ o'clock on Sunday morning he would be shot. The negro was a strong, brave, soldierly fellow. The sudden approach of death did not alarm him. He asked for no judge, jury, or court martial. A chaplain was sent to him, but like John Brown, he seemed not to have a very profound respect for the cloth, and is not known to have confessed many of his sins—perhaps the fact that he was soon to appear before his God, may have led him to prefer the latter as the Being before whose presence he would acknowledge his transgressions, and into whose ear he would pour his petitions for mercy. At 9½ he was led into an open field and shot until he was dead by twenty-five of his comrades.

Col. Montgomery reported to Gen. Sturgis, his highest commander, what he had done and received his approval. It is understood that Gen. Gilmore, the Commanding General of this Department, and in whom alone it was supposed rested the authority to order the execution of a soldier for desertion, has also approved the act. It was very clear to Col. Montgomery, as I have before remarked, that unless the desertions stopped he would have no troops to command, and it would be utterly impossible to raise another regiment in this Department. From his acquaintance with the negro, he had learned that if a long interval elapsed between the commission of a crime and its punishment, but very little benefit would accrue to the negro or to the service in which he was engaged. Even drum-head court-martials are attended with delay, and if it is generally known throughout an army that a soldier is to be shot for desertion, some one will be found to plead in his behalf and create sympathy for him. Col. Montgomery, after revolving the whole matter in his mind, decided to act promptly, and take the entire responsibility upon himself. If censure is to be administered, upon himself alone he desires to have it fall. It is an amusing fact, and as a freak of human nature worth mentioning, that the strongest sympathizers the poor negro has had since his execution are the Copperheads, who, but a few days since, could stand and see him knocked down on our wharves and beaten to jelly by white bullies wearing the national uniform, without lifting a hand in his defense, or expressing a word in condemnation of the act.—*Tribune.*

THE FIGHT AT MILLIKEN'S BEND.

From The Galena (Ill.) Advertiser.

We publish below a very interesting letter of Capt. M. M. Miller, of this city, of the 9th Louisiana (colored) regiment. Capt. M. is a son of W. H. Miller, Esq., for many years a citizen of Galena. At the time of the breaking out of the rebellion he was a student in Yale College, nearly through with his course. He left his studies, however, and returned home, enlisted as a private in the celebrated Washburne Lead Mine Regiment, from whence he was taken and made captain of a colored company. His statement can be relied on as literally true, and we venture to say the history of the world shows no more desperate fighting than that done by his company at Milliken's Bend. Every man but one in his company was either killed or wounded, and many of them in a hand-to-hand bayonet struggle:

MILLIKEN'S BEND, June 10, 1863.

DEAR AUNT: We were attacked here on June 7, about 3 o'clock in the morning, by a brigade of Texas troops, about 2,500 in number. We had about 600 men to withstand them—500 of them negroes. I commanded Company I, 9th Louisiana. We went into the fight with 33 men. I had 16 killed and 11 badly wounded, 4 slightly. I was wounded slightly on the head, near the right eye, with a bayonet, and had a bayonet run through my right hand, near the forefinger, that will account for this miserable style of penmanship.

Our regiment had about 300 men in the fight. We had one colonel wounded, four captains wounded, two 1st and two 2d lieutenants killed, five lieutenants wounded, and three white orderlies killed and one wounded in the hand and two fingers taken off. The list of killed and wounded officers comprises nearly all the officers present with the regiment—a majority of the rest being absent recruiting.

We had about 50 men killed in the regiment and 80 wounded; so you can judge of what part of the fight my company sustained. I never felt more grieved and sick at heart than when I saw how my brave soldiers had been slaughtered—one with six wounds, all the rest with two or three, none less than two wounds. Two of my colored sergeants were killed, both brave, noble men, always prompt, vigilant, and ready for the fray. I never more wish to hear the expression, "The niggers won't fight." Come with me 100 yards from where I sit, and I can show you the wounds that cover the bodies of 16 as brave, loyal, and patriotic soldiers as ever drew bead on a rebel.

The enemy charged us so close that we fought with our bayonets hand to hand. I have six broken bayonets to show how bravely my men fought. The 23d Iowa joined my company on the right, and I declare truthfully that they had all fled before our regiment fell back, as we were all compelled to do.

Under command of Col. Page, I led the 9th and 11th Louisiana, when the rifle-pits were retaken and held by our troops, our two regiments doing the work.

I narrowly escaped death once. A rebel took deliberate aim at me with both barrels of his gun, and the bullets passed so close to me that the powder that remained on them burned my cheek. Three of my men who saw him aim and fire thought that he wounded me each fire. One of them was killed by my side, and he fell on me, covering my clothes with his blood, and before the rebel could fire again I blew his brains out with my gun.

It was a horrible fight, the worst I was ever engaged in—not even excepting Shiloh. The enemy cried "No quarter!" but some of them were very glad to take it when made prisoners.

Col. Allen of the 17th Texas was killed in front of our regiment, and Brig.-Gen. Walker was wounded. We killed about 180 of the enemy. The gunboat Choctaw did good service shelling them. I stood on the breastworks after we took them, and gave the elevations and direction for the gunboat by pointing my sword, and they sent a shell right into their midst which sent them in all directions. Three shells fell there, and 62 rebels lay there when the fight was over.

My wound is not serious, but troublesome. What few men I have left seem to think much of me because I stood up with them in the fight. I can say for them that I never saw a braver company of men in my life.

Not one of them offered to leave his place until ordered to fall back; in fact very few ever did fall back. I went down to the hospital, three miles, to-day, to see the wounded. Nine of them were there, two having died of their wounds. A boy I had cooking for me came and begged a gun when the rebels were advancing and took his place with the company, and when we retook the breastworks I found him badly wounded with one gun-shot and two bayonet wounds. A new recruit I had issued a gun to the day before the fight was found dead, with a firm grasp on his gun, the bayonet of which was broken in three pieces. So they fought and died, defending the cause that we revere. They met death coolly, bravely—not rashly did they expose themselves, but all were steady and obedient to orders.

So God has spared me again through many dangers. I cannot tell how it was I escaped.

Your affectionate nephew,
M. M. MILLER.

GEN. BANKS'S DEPARTMENT.

New Orleans, July 3.—I confess to a little impatience in respect to the way things military go on in this department. These attacks by rebel guerillas, first at one place, then at another—Thibodeaux, Donaldsonville, Brashear City, Lafourche, and so on, ought to have been avoided. In one way and another, while Gen. Banks has been knocking at Port Hudson, at these several places and through the Teche country, over which these pirates can roam at will, several million dollars worth of property has been destroyed, and under circumstances very humiliating, because all through these parts there are black men enough if armed, to keep at bay twice the number of rebels to be found thereabout.

Although I believe Gen. Ullmann is doing the best he can, yet it seems strange to be told almost in the same breath how well the negroes fight, and how Gen. Banks needs more men; while there is scarcely a block in this city where you could not find half a score lazily sunning themselves from morn to night, for want of something else to do.

I am pleased to learn that all negroes on government plantations hereafter will be armed, so that under the direction of the overseers, who are mostly soldiers detailed for the taking charge of the place, they will be able to give a warm invitation to any rebels who may come along to stay.

July 4.—The gallant bearing of Sergt. Samuel Pollock of the 6th Michigan, in the battle at Donaldsonville, was represented to Gen. Emery by a participant in the struggle. The General sent for the worthy non-commissioned officer, and interrogated him freely. He ascertained that the Sergeant had been detailed as superintendent of a government plantation, and that, fearing a guerilla raid, he had instructed his field hands in the use of the musket for several days previous to the battle. When the action took place the plantation negroes were marshalled under his charge and stimulated to daring deeds. One rebel Major was killed and one wounded by the negroes. Sergt. Pollock is given the credit of having dispatched the rebel Col. Joe Phillips, the commanding officer of the enemy, and having obtained his sword. Gen. Emery observed to the Sergeant that he could not remain detailed upon a plantation; that such men were needed in the field. He gave him permission to retain the captured sword and ordered him to report to Gen. Shepley, who gave him a position as Major.—*Tribune.*

There was great excitement in New Orleans July 3d, from an apprehension that the city would be attacked by rebels. About 1,000 free and other negroes offered their services to the Governor.

PRESENTATION OF A FLAG—SPEECH BY A DOUGLAS DEMOCRAT.

Corinth, Miss., June 20.—Col. Cornign returned this afternoon with his Cavalry brigade, from a raid among the rebels, bringing over 200 horses and mules, with buggies, wagons, and negro recruits in profusion. Soon after his arrival, a large body of officers and soldiers congregated at the appointed hour at "Camp Dodge," 1st Colored Alabama Regiment, Col. Alexander, to hear the speeches and witness the presentation of a fine stand of colors. Col. Bane addressed the regiment and the numerous white soldiers present, in his bold and most effective style. Having been an old line Democrat—as far at least as his favorite candidate, Judge Douglas, ever went, he claimed the more candid attention of his Democratic auditors. The negro, he said, had been oppressed through the sufferance, if not the sanction of the Federal Constitution, by reason of an unfortunate compromise. In the same way had slavery subsisted, yea, grown fat and insolent up to the breaking out of this infernal rebellion. Such compromises, however, having borne no good fruits, it was time to cut down the tree. Slavery must now give up the ghost—not so much by the intent of the North or South, but by the inscrutable and most righteous providence of God. The Republican party never proposed to free the first slave, nor ever to relax the enforcement of the fugitive act, whereby all who could be caught were returned to their chains, but only to restrain it from cursing new soil. When the war commenced, the avowed purpose of the Administration was to free no slaves, yea, even to suppress every effort put forth by the oppressed to be free. For more than a tedious year the pledge was but too well kept. Fremont's proclamation in Missouri, and Hunter's in his more southern district, aiming to free the slaves of rebels, were promptly reversed! And yet, circumstances, or rather Providence, finally obliged the President to do the same thing on a large scale—with his own hand. Many object that it is unconstitutional thus to emancipate. How preposterous to talk of constitutional rights for rebels tearing the sacred document into piecemeal! What consummate folly, too, to be quibbling in such technicalities, and at the same time holding hundreds of cannon, all charged ready to blow the whole kit and crew of slaveholders to the devil! In the name of common sense if you make war, make it in earnest, and let it stay made until the end is attained. If, however, the slaveholding tribe and their Northern apologizers insist on the Constitution, let them have it to their heart's content. Thousands of prisoners, found in rebellion to what would have been the best government on earth, but for slavery, have first and last been brought to this post. What disposition, if strictly enforced, would our Constitution make of such? Being no less than traitors, every last man of them would have to swing, and Gen. Dodge need a reënforcement to erect gallows and adjust ropes. The government has been remarkably lenient, especially to such as clamor for the enforcement of the Constitution.

In presenting the colors, Col. Bane was eloquent and pathetic, urging the regiment to defend them to the last extremity, and promising their rich folds to enshroud their bodies in honorable and peaceful graves. Two colored soldiers responded, fixing the attention of all who could hear. One had made his way over 200 miles but a few weeks ago. Among other most appropriate and witty remarks he said to his colored friends that they had often heard of the old banner, and longed for the freedom it promised. And although they could not deny having had plenty of "stripes," they certainly had never before received the "stars." These he exhorted his fellow-soldiers to bear aloft, never allowing their rebellious masters to trail them in the dust.

Col. Weaver followed in a few manly remarks, telling the colored soldiers that since their masters had given them the "stripes," it had now come their turn to make them see "stars," and he hoped that they would lose no time in doing it. This speaker, as well as Col. Bane, rejoiced that the dark cloud of American slavery was dispersing so healthfully in flashes of lightning and thunder. In this way let the musketry and cannon, wielded by the hands of the down-trodden and oppressed, clear our sky, and the rays of justice give us future serenity and peace.

IF PEOPLE WHO SUFFER from the dull stupidity that meets us everywhere in spring, and two often in all seasons of the year, knew how quick it could be cured by taking AYER'S SARSAPARILLA to purge the bile from their systems, we should have better neighbors as well as clearer heads to deal with.

Summary.

WOMEN EXCLUSIVE, IN SCOTLAND!—"The Rose, Thistle, and Shamrock," is the title of a monthly magazine, *edited and printed by women*, at Edinburg. Fourteen numbers have been published.

One hundred and fifty negroes who were not willing to wait until the 4th of July, 1870, when all the slaves in Missouri will be free, ran away in a body from their masters in Madison and St. Francis Counties, Mo., on the 16th ult.

VICTOR HUGO'S "Les Misérables" has been proscribed by several bishops in France, who enjoin their flocks instantly to place any copies of it they may possess in the hands of their confessors, who will immediately destroy this "very immoral and pernicious work."

The chief instruments in the present enforcement of the Fugitive Slave law in the District of Columbia are: a trading politician of Ohio, named David K. Cartter, appointed Judge of a Court in the District; and a person named Coxe, a commissioner under the law.

"My son, would you suppose the Lord's Prayer could be engraved in a space no larger than the area of a half dime?" "Well, yes, father, if a half dime is as large in everybody's eyes as it is in yours, I think there would be no difficulty in putting it in about four times."

THE PRESIDENT'S ETIQUETTE CORRECTED.—*The Transcript* thus reproves: "The President signs his documents A. Lincoln. It would be better to give an *Abraham* in full, then it would appear that he was *the* Lincoln. A. Lincoln has an undignified look for the Chief Magistrate of the United States."

SUNDAY IN SCOTLAND.—The Glasgow *Scotsman* states that a petition, signed by more than thirty-six thousand adult male inhabitants of the city of Edinburg, has just been sent to the House of Commons, praying that the Botanic Gardens of Edinburg may be opened on Sunday afternoons to the people.

INDIANA.—A conference of Democrats of the State of Indiana, who disapprove of the strong ground taken by leaders of the party in sympathy with the rebels, have called a Democratic State Convention to assemble at Indianapolis on the 13th of August. It will be a mass meeting, and will be largely attended.

OH!—A lady, in Nashville, was making a visit to the penitentiary, and was permitted to look through the various wards. In one room she saw three women engaged in sewing, and turning to the keeper, who was showing her about, she said to him in an undertone, "Dear me! the viciousest-looking women I ever saw in my life! What are they put here for?" "They are here," he replied, "because I am here—they are my wife and daughters, madam."

A vigorous female called upon the St. Louis Provost-Marshal a few days since, alleging that "James Buchanan, the President," was her husband, that he had sent her a million of dollars, and the agent to whom it was consigned had refused to give it up. She avowed having been married to James Buchanan in 1857, but on account of the objections of his relatives the ceremony was performed secretly. She ought to be ashamed to avow it now.

C. C. Burr, of toe-snapping fame, recently addressed a Long Island Copperhead peace meeting, when he called the President "a d—d old fool," and defied the Administration to arrest him when awake, boasting of having a revolver good for seven lives: "I have got seven of you fellows in my pocket here, and I am willing to die in defence of liberty, particularly if I can send into eternity before me seven traitors and scoundrels." There is progress, after all, when C. C. Burr is ready to die in "defence of liberty."

ARREST OF THE DAYTON INCENDIARY.—Stockline, who set the office of the Dayton (Ohio) *Journal* on fire on the occasion of the arrest of Mr. Vallandigham, was arrested at the Spencer House in Indianapolis a few days since. He was handcuffed, and immediately burst into a passion of weeping, acknowledging his guilt. On him were found letters from Vallandigham and other Ohio traitors. He said that his brother and other persons had agreed to stand by him in this matter, but that they had falsified their word.

James Neel can now spell his name with a k. He is a Copperhead office-holder, and ex-Lieutenant of Volunteers, and lives at Washington, Ind. He published a false statement that the Union women of that place were over-attentive to some negro-soldiers, but had let a white soldier's wife and child die of cold and hunger, close by the rooms of their Soldiers' Aid Society. The women on this mat, concerted their measures, and (so to speak) made Mr. Neel kneel and confess, by signing a document avowing the above story to be a willful and deliberate falsehood, and written with the deliberate intention of slandering and insulting them.—*Independent.*

A MINISTERIAL AMENDMENT TO THE CONSTITUTION.—A Convention of Ministers of several Protestant denominations has been in session in Pittsburg, Pa., with a view to have the Constitution of the United States amended by inserting in it some clause recognizing "the being and attributes of Almighty God, the divine authority of the Holy Scriptures, the law of God as a paramount rule, and Jesus the Messiah, the Saviour and the Lord of all." They have just adjourned *sine die*, after appointing a committee, with very large powers, to agitate the subject by addresses to the people, and to call a national convention of persons friendly to the object, whenever and wherever, in their opinion, the end sought will be promoted thereby.

CONVINCED AGAINST THEIR WILL.—The London *Spectator* notices as "a curious fact, that out of the eight essays sent in at Oxford for the Chancellor's prize for the best Latin essay on the present American struggle—the subject proposed by Lord Derby—all of them of more than average excellence—seven are on the Northern side. Moreover, several of the writers had begun their labors as true Southerners, but had been converted by the pure force of the considerations which a thorough study of the subject brought before them." A little study of the American question would bring a great many other Englishmen to the same conclusion. It is wilful ignorance, too often, which keeps men on the side of the slaveholding rebels.

ADVERTISING SLAVES.—We are indebted to a friend for a copy of the Petersburg (Va.) *Express* of a late date. Being published in the rebel portion of Dixie, it is, of course, secesh all over. The advertisements are a curious item in the "make up" of the paper. Peter D. Hair advertises one hundred dollars reward for two negro women, who he "supposes will try to make their escape to the Yankees." We should not wonder if the supposition of Peter was correct. Other slaveholders offer rewards of two and three hundred dollars each, for *boys* thirty years old, some of whom they describe as "half white." When our army gets to Richmond, the newspapers of Petersburg will not contain advertisements such as those we have referred to.—*Del. Co. (Pa.) Republican.*

A DISAPPOINTED KNIGHT.—A German "Knight of the Golden Circle" in Pennsylvania thus described the way in which his rebel friends brought him to grief.

"Mister ——, he comes to me and says for von tollar he vill makes me von Knights of te Golden Schirkles; dat he vill gives me all te signs and grips, so ash dat ven the Southern man comes he shall not touch any of my proberty, but shall get all he vants from the Plack Republicans. So I gives him de von tollar and he gives me de grips and de signs, and says I shall give dem ven de Southern man he comes he no stheal from me; vel he come and gets mine horses right avey; so I goes out and says, 'Mynheer, I ish Knights Golden Circle; I give you de grip, de signs, de pass-words and evey tings, so you leaves mine horses;' ven he says, 'to h—ll with your grips,' and takes mie horses. Oh, I ish ruined man; I gives mine tollar for de grips and it is nix goot; but is so better as nothing at all, for dey stheals from me vorse as anybody else. O it ish von schwindle and I shalt have my tollar back for de grips," etc.

A COPPERHEAD DEALT WITH.—The army wagon train that arrived here yesterday from Harrisburg, having come to that place from Martinsburg, Va., halted on Tuesday evening at a point about fourteen miles from this city. The people along the road were frequently alarmed as the train advanced, supposing it to be a rebel force. But at the point where the halt of Tuesday evening occurred, the proprietor of a fine house and estate went to the chief officer of the train and asked if they were secessionists. By way of joke, he replied that they were. Thereupon the gentleman bid them welcome, and told them that his house, grounds and anything he had were at their disposal. The officers and men were disgusted at such Copperheadism, and letting him know that they belonged to the Union army, helped themselves to what they wanted, and treated the proprietor to a ducking. They were principally from Ohio, and have been in service for a long time in Virginia, where they say they encountered no worse enemy of the government than this Pennsylvania Copperhead.—*Philadelphia Bulletin.*

"J. B." ON THE TRAMP.—A letter from Lancaster, Pa., says that ex-President Buchanan was seen rushing through the streets on Monday morning with a large tin box in his hand, probably containing his valuables. Notwithstanding all his eminent services in behalf of the rebels, the "old public functionary" evidently comprehended that they hold him in profound contempt, and would show him no more mercy than they showed the Copperheads of York, whose doughty burgess, Mr. Schmal, the editor of that Copperhead journal, the York *Gazette*, tramped eighty weary miles to meet the invaders and surrender the town. Whether J. B.'s tin box, with which he was "a moving on," contained the "history of his administration, written by himself," which has so long been promised, or whether it was filled with title-deeds and worthless greenbacks, probably an anxious public will never be permitted to know. Can any one tell us whether the scared ex-President is *still* on the tramp?—*Eve. Post.*

A WARNING TO COPPERHEADS.—George Booker, State Senator, who lives at Pagestown, about nine miles from Harrisburg, has been visited by his friends from Dixie. He is known as one of the most violent Copperheads in the Legislature. He was the leader in the movement to forbid Senator Wright and Andy Johnson from speaking in the Capitol last Winter, and has never made any concealment of his hostility to the war against the rebellion and his sympathies with the South. When he heard the rebels were coming, he said he did not care—they were *gentlemen*, and respected private property. They collected in front of his house and he came out and made a little speech. He said, so I am informed from several sources, that he sympathized with them, that the rebellion was justified and the war unjust, that it was all the Abolitionists, etc., etc., etc., in the usual style of Copperheads. Whereupon the rebels immediately proceeded to give him a benefit. They took all his horses and cattle, all the flour and grain from his mill, which is a large one, and was, unfortunately for him, very well stocked, and, in fact, "cleaned him out" most completely.—*Cor. N. Y. Times.*

HOW THE REBELS SCOFF AT COPPERHEADS.—The rebel papers scout at the peace men; the Richmond papers "spit" at the Woods and Vallandighams, and the Pennsylvania Copperheads are reviled while they are used by the enemy's troops in their own State. A Harrisburg correspondent, narrating the adventures of a Federal spy who visited the rebels at Carlisle, says:

"The information of the rebels is very full and accurate. They showed my informant a complete map of the fortifications here, and told him of fords on the river. They know as well as we do the number of men we have, and their character. They say that our militia won't be able to stand two volleys of musketry, and that they are not afraid of as many as we can bring against them. There are plenty of Copperheads who furnish them all the information they want, and point out to them places where goods are hidden. While they use these men, they despise them. 'There,' said a rebel officer to my informant, 'do you see that man?' (pointing to one of these sympathizers,) 'Well, he is a —— rebel; and if I were in the place of you people that are loyal I would hang him as soon as we get away from here.' The individual alluded to felt the force of the remark and left. The rebels concurred in saying they honored an open enemy, but despised a sneak."

While these dirty traitors thus sell themselves to the enemy, it is some comfort to loyal men to know that the value of a Copperhead is justly estimated by the shrewd officers of the rebel army, who possess a great deal more common sense, with all their treason, than the "Peace" people who vainly try to curry favor with them.—*Evening Post.*

CURSES COMING HOME TO ROOST.—The Copperheads in the farming communities of the West are likely to reap unpleasant fruits from their malignant persecution of the colored population, who, by legislation and otherwise, have been driven from their borders. Everywhere throughout the great grain-producing States there is now a prospect of most bountiful harvests, but in many places the scarcity of labor will prevent the successful gathering of the crops, entailing, it is feared, a heavy loss upon the producers. Already, in Iowa, the farmers are offering two dollars a day as the *minimum* price for harvest hands; but it may well be questioned whether farmers can afford to pay wages so extravagant, except at the sacrifice of all profit on the crops, and hence help must be looked for by the mass in other quarters. Had not the colored people been kept out by the display of a foolish antagonism, this difficulty would not exist; and even the "Democrats" are now recognizing the fact and clamoring for the importation of freedmen, that the harvests may not rot in the fields. They are not sure, however, since the blacks have proved so successful as fighters, that the farming community can find relief even in that quarter, and, altogether, they are in a most despondent frame. It is certainly a marked commentary on the hypocrisy of the Democratic pretence that the North would soon be overrun by negroes, who would not only eat up the substance of the people, but compete with the laboring classes at prices at once humiliating and ruinous, that they are now clamoring thus earnestly for the identical thing they so vigorously condemned a little while ago.—*Eve. Post.*

MARRIED.

SOULE—BENSON.—In Lawrence (Kansas), June 17th, by Rev. R. Cordley, Mr. WILLIAM L. G. SOULE to Miss MARY BENSON, daughter of George W. Benson, Esq.

5-20'S.—UNTIL FURTHER NOTICE I WILL fill orders for these bonds the same as before the 1st July.
July 10, 1863.
E. M. DAVIS.

Miscellaneous Department.

FOR THE ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD.

TO HON. CHARLES SUMNER,

During his stay in Europe, in 1857.

BY KATY CARLISLE.

OH! when the beautiful, the sad Southwest,
Menaced by Slavery, left her frighted rest,
And, kneeling by Missouri's turbid flood,
Implored the North to stay the tide of blood,
Sweeping so darkly o'er her flowery plains,
And save her children from the Southron's chains,
Thou, noble SUMNER, thou, thy country's pride,
Wert bravely first on Truth's despairing side!
With words that stirred the Nation's deepest heart,
And, echoing, rung through Slavery's farthest mart,
Waking fresh zeal in every patriot breast,
Thy voice was raised for God and the Oppressed,
Till Freedom turned and looked with glad surprise,
And new hope kindled in her tearful eyes.
Erect and proud fair Massachusetts stood,
And a new impulse stirred her Pilgrim blood!
But those brave words, spoke for the suffering West,
Stirred all the demon in one coward breast.
A hand that sanctioned all Oppression's harms,
That tore the slave-child from its mother's arms,
Found thee unwarned, unarmed, and laid thee low,
E'en nigh to death, with its assassin blow!
That brow, where nobleness its seal had set,
By the soul's outshining aureole-circled, wet
With its own blood, prone on the Senate floor!
Heart of the North! did ever blood before
So cry for vengeance swift, or plead so well
The cause of freedom, since your WARREN fell?
But God has pity on our land, and spares,
For freedom's sake, and for ten thousand prayers,
Our SUMNER's life, and now on far-off strand,
'Mid strengthening breezes of the Alpine land,
Soon, for the sake of every suffering slave,
God guide thee safely o'er the treacherous wave.
Till the despairing once more banish fears,
And Freedom rallies, when her chief appears!

He comes! he comes! Ten thousand welcomes ring
Where Western woods their weary shadows fling;
Where strong New England's heart, by Bunker's mound,
Bids Freedom's life-drops pulse the Nation round;
And where Pacific's mountain barriers stand,
And, like a mighty breastwork, guard the land!
Tyrants and traitors hear the deafening shout,
And strive to shut the gladsome echoes out,
Lest millions, long in darkness doomed to grope,
See through the mist the rising star of hope!

God bless Truth's champion! May the sturdy gales
That sweep thine own New England's hills and vales
Bring rosy Health, with downy wings outspread,
To winnow richest blessings on thy head,
The olden firmness to thy step restore,
The wonted vigor to thy frame once more,
Till o'er our land the Oppressor's cheek shall pale,
And in our Senate traitor hearts shall quail
Before thy clear eye's eloquence and fire,
Kindled by outraged Freedom's holy ire!

THE CAKE-SELLER OF BEEKMAN STREET.

BY MRS. F. D. GAGE.

THE sun was just coming up and taking its first peep into the city, as a woman came stumping up Beekman street, who immediately challenged my attention, and made me forget the coming brightness of the day, and the folly of men and women that sleep away this the most beautiful and soul-inspiring of all the hours of the twenty-four.

Was it anything strange to see a woman coming up Beekman street, the noisy thoroughfare of thousands?

Yes. For at this sunrise hour this woman was alone; not another human being treading those cold gray stones in sight. Her outward seeming, too, was strange. On her head she carried a board three feet long and eighteen inches wide, which supported an old nail keg. She was lame, and seemed to walk with difficulty; but still she carried her load steadily. In one hand she held a large market basket, and the other carried or half-dragged a box sixteen inches square. Her dress was old and patched, but it was clean.

Clump, clump, clump, she came up the street, with her board, keg, box, and basket, until exactly opposite the window of my "own hired" apartment, and there she plumped down, and put her box upon the step of a large business house opposite. No, not the step, but within the space between two columns of said building, which made a little recess for her use. Next her basket was released from her weary grasp; then up went the freed hands and the keg came down carefully upon the step beside the box; and last, the long board left its perch above the black, genteel hood, and took its place upon the keg; and straightway there was a table filling all the space between those columns, except that which was occupied by the box. Now the white cloth that covered the contents of the basket became a table-spread, and was laid neatly over the board, and hid the old nail-keg from the gaze of the passer-by. And then the treasures of the basket one by one found their place upon the clean side-table — sponge-cakes, cream-cakes, ginger-snaps, pound-cakes, crullers, jumbles, and I know not what, until inviting groups flecked the white cloth, corners, niches, and center, with a tempting variety.

The basket disappeared under the shadow of the table, and when the whole was completed, the lame woman looked it over with earnest scrutiny, adjusted a few refractory cakes, and then, placing her hands upon her hips, she surveyed the whole with evident satisfaction for a moment, before seating herself upon her box, to await the coming of her customers. Only one moment's rest did she give those busy hands. No sooner seated was she, than her sewing emerged from her pocket. The needle was threaded, and the work spread out upon her lap.

Ah! what a revelation was bound up in that bit of scarlet calico! In its folds lay the parts of a tiny slip which revealed to my motherly vision a baby child just tottering alone, for whom those busy fingers were "plying that needle and thread."

I drew my chair and writing-stand near the window, and as my pen scratched over the paper, ever and anon my eyes wandered out of that narrow room, through open windows, down to this trader by the wayside.

Stitch, stitch, stitch, went her needle—the hand only stopping to pick up a penny or make change for a little yellow paper, as cake after cake disappeared. How I wished more people would pause before that impromptu stall! Why did they pass *her* and trade with that red-faced creature opposite, who was scolding or coaxing every passer-by?

There, the skirt of that baby-slip is done, and edged with a strip of white braid around the bottom. She holds it up and looks at it, and the light of love glows all over her homely, care-marked face. Now come the waist and sleeves; mayhap her stitches are not as well set or her work such as would take premiums at fairs, but it will do.

The great clock chimes twelve. A penny from her pocket buys an apple from another woman who walks by with her basket, and a doughnut and her apple make her wholesome lunch for the day. Not once has she risen from her box. Now a cake is handed to a boy who, with a tin cup which has been hid away in her basket, bounds away and soon returns with water from the neighboring fountain.

Her head droops against the corner, her face turned toward her cakes and upward toward the clear blue sky glowing with the mid-day sun.

Her eyes close, and the red slip lies quietly beneath her hands. She is asleep—the first falling footstep near her awakens her. So she dozes for half an hour, and then, busy as ever, pursues her task. Two o'clock! more customers. The tired and hungry goers to and fro pause and take refreshment. She lays by her work for a little—exchanges two cakes for an orange, and by-and-by three or four for two large apples; presently a candy dealer leaves a bright red and white twist in the place of a cream cake, and all these new acquisitions are laid in a corner by themselves.

Her stock is getting low, and the sun is sending long slopes of shadow eastward. Now she holds up the little red dress by the sleeve, surveys it with loving looks, and lays it across her lap, and leaning forward, looks wistfully down the street.

The sun sinks lower; the high walls of commerce and trade are darkening the shadows there, and still her eyes peer wistfully among the crowd, as if some beloved object was expected.

Ha! how her face brightens! what radiance of joy gleams on every feature! Up goes the little red slip, held in both hands; and in less time than I have taken to write the words, an old woman, who evidently bears upon her broad shoulders the weight of threescore years and ten, drops into the extended arms of the patient, waiting worker, a beautiful child, who clasps her neck and nestles in her bosom, almost speaking his delight in half-cry and half-laughter. There is no delay; the maternal fountain is given to his use. And then old deaf Granny is told of the results of the day, and treated to the last of the remnants upon the stand. That big apple was for her; that orange was for her. Now little rosy-cheeks lifts up his head, bound with golden curls, and claims that braid of candy. How he laughs and crows, and for every demonstration of joy he is clasped to his mother's breast and smothered with kisses.

Hundreds have passed this humble group, yet not one has seen this exhibition of filial and maternal love. The words "mother" and "granny" reach me up to the second story, as the cake-seller tries to make the deaf old woman hear; and I know, by the full, round, musical tone, that love, true and pure, lies sweetly sleeping in the hearts of the two.

Whose eyes see that little red slip put upon that baby boy? who sees that mother's heartfelt satisfaction at the fit? who sees the proud crowing of the bright-faced darling, with his pouting mouth made all the sweeter by daubs of candy? Who sees that proud old grandmother leading her pet away, his little bare feet pattering along the hard pavement, and his merry laughter keeping time to the pattering.

The cake-seller's work is done for the day. She rises up and straightens with difficulty her cramped and crippled limbs. The remnant of cakes are laid in the basket, the white cloth folded and laid over them, the board lifted upon her head, the old nail keg hoisted above, the box and basket taken in the two hands, and clump, clump, clump, she passes down the street in the dim twilight, her day's work of love and duty done.

All this long, long day I have been waiting for a telegram to tell me of the fate of one most dear, and that humble creature, crippled, yet earnest, faithful, and loving, helped me to grow stronger for the fate that awaited me.

And when at last that fearful dispatch came that crushed my hopes, and transferred my loves from earth to heaven, I know I was able to say with more perfect resignation, "My Father, thy will, not mine, be done," because of the patient work and cheerful smile of the cake-seller of Beekman street.—*Independent.*

PRAYER OF REV. O. B. FROTHINGHAM.

EBBITT HALL, SUNDAY, JUNE 14, 1863.

O THOU Spirit of truth, of holiness and of purity, whom no eye hath ever seen nor can see, but whom all the little ones who look toward thee with an eye of faith never lose from their sight; we seek thee as those who would fain know thee as thou art, and who would fain come to a knowledge of thee by their faith and love. We do not think that by these poor worshippings of ours we can add anything to thy praise or thy glory, O thou Supreme One. But we do believe that all that thou hast and all that thou art is freely ours, if we will open our minds to receive it. We do believe that thou art very near unto us, that thine inmost glory may manifest itself in our desires and in our deeds. O Father, we come to thee with all humbleness, and yet with a very holy joy and pride; for are we not thy creatures? are we not thy children? are we not thy sons and daughters? are we not receivers of thy Spirit? are we not, O God, the recipients of thy inspiration? When we look at our bodies, so fearfully and wonderfully made, built up of all that is most precious in the world, built together by that wisdom which is all-perfect, built up by that love which never fails or changes; when we think of our minds, open to receive such grand and beautiful thoughts from thy Supreme Mind; when we think of our hearts, that are flooded with affection from thine own Infinite Heart, that are able, even here on this earth, to learn what it is to call thee Father; when we think of our souls, hungering and thirsting after thee, reaching out towards thee through all their weakness and their darkness and their imperfection; then, truly, we know that we are thine, and not our own, that we are thine only; and then, truly, we know, O God, that thou art ours; then, truly, we know that all that is in this world—all truth and purity and goodness, all of light and all of life, all that is treasured up in the past, and all that is to be treasured up in the future—is for us thy children; yea, Father, that prophets and seers, and saints and sages, aye, that angels and archangels and all the glorious company of the good and the pure, are ministering unto us, even unto the least of us. Endless and without beginning, O thou dear One, thy gifts of grace are flowing through the world. Not only when we go up in our thought to the heaven of heavens do we find thee, nor only when on the wings of the morning's joy and peace we speed over the ocean to the uttermost parts of the earth, do we find thee there; but when we go down into the under world—into the under world of pain and doubt and fear, into the world of sickness and of sorrow, into the world of infirmity and of sin—yea, there, O God, we find thee, the Comforter, the Teacher, the Pardoner. And what shall we render to thee, thou perfect One, for all that thou dost give to us? If we bring thee our strength, thou dost only make it more strong; if we bring thee our wisdom, thou dost only illuminate it with higher wisdom; if we bring thee our love, thou dost but perfect it with thine own love; if we render to thee all our lives, thou dost only fill our lives the more with patience and peace, and strength and joy; yea, Father, if we consecrate to thee all our being, thou dost only magnify our being by new gifts out of thine own. Father, we have nothing for thee; we can give thee nothing; we can bring thee no offering. May we at least, then, bring thee the offering of a pure desire to know thy truth, to feel thy goodness, to follow by the light of thy love, to bask in thy smile. O God, amid all the weaknesses of the earth, amid all the illusions, amid all the trials, help us to aspire more and more after the perfect life; help us to live in the light of large thoughts; help us to live in the light of pure and divine principles. May we keep ever before us, Father, the conviction of our own dignity and worth, the conviction of thine own pure benignity. In our places of work, in our places of enjoyment, in our chambers of pain and sickness, in our hours of weariness and languor and fear, O Father, may we always remember that thou art ready to take us up into thine eternal arms and bear us to thine own bosom. Father, when we are before thee we remember all the sorrows of the time, all the bitterness and agony and woe that we are passing through. We remember the deep and arduous struggle in which we are engaged. We remember those who are in the camp or on the battle-field, and those who are pining and wasting in the hospital. We remember, O God, the broken and the breaking hearts that are pouring out to thee their prayers and their ears. We remember, O Father, the young and the brave and the beautiful, who are going down into untimely death. We remember the old, whose gray hairs are bowing down in sorrow to the grave. Father, we love to remember these things when we are in thy presence, for then we remember them only to know that they are all taken away and lifted up by thine Eternal Power. We know that every tear shall be dried, that every bruised heart will be healed, that every broken heart will be bound up. We remember that the doors of immortal life will stand wide open for a great procession to go in, and we know, O God, that the kingdom of Everlasting Truth will be made to come in all these chariots of war. Yea, Father, in our hearts we believe it, in our souls and consciences we believe it; and we consecrate ourselves, and all that we have, and all that we are, to that great cause of truth and justice, the simple cause of God. Bear with our imperfections, O Father, with the imperfections of our desires, with the worthlessness of our deeds, and may thine own great goodness make amends for all, that in thy light at last we may see the light; and thine shall be the praise forever. Amen.

A PLANTER'S MANSION IN THE SOUTH.

IT consists of three small rooms, and three still smaller, which would be more appropriately designated as closets, a wooden recess by way of a pantry, and a kitchen detached from the dwelling—a mere wooden out-house, with no floor but the bare earth, and for furniture a congregation of filthy negroes who lounge in and out of it like hungry hounds at all hours of the day and night, picking up such scraps of food as they can find about, which they discuss squatting down upon their hams, in which interesting position and occupation I generally find a number of them whenever I have sufficient hardihood to venture within those precincts, the sight of which and its tenants is enough to slacken the appetite of the hungriest hunter that ever lost all nice regards in the mere animal desire for food. Of the three apartments, one is our sitting, eating and living room, and is sixteen feet by fifteen. The walls are plastered inside, but neither painted nor papered; it is divided from our bedroom (a similarly elegant and comfortable chamber) by a dingy wooden partition covered all over with hooks, pegs and nails, to which hats, caps, keys, etc., are suspended in graceful irregularity. The doors open by wooden latches raised by means of small bits of packthread. I imagine the same primitive order of fastening celebrated in the touching chronicle of Red Riding Hood. How they shut I will not pretend to describe, as the shutting of a door is a process of extremely rare occurrence throughout the whole Southern country. The third room, a chamber with sloping ceiling, immediately over our sitting-room, and under the roof, is appropriated to the nurse and my two babies. Of the closets, one is Mr. ——, the overseer's bedroom; the other is his office or place of business; and the third adjoining our bedroom, and opening immediately out of doors, is Mr. ——'s dressing-room and cabinet d'affaires, where he gives audience to the negroes, redresses grievances, distributes red woollen caps (a singular gratification to a negro), shaves himself, and performs the other offices of his toilet. Such being our abode, I think you will allow there is little danger of my being dazzled by the luxurious splendors of a Southern slave residence. Our sole mode of summoning our attendants is by a packthread bell-rope suspended in the sitting-room. From the bedrooms we have to raise the windows and our voices, and bring them by power of lungs, or help ourselves—which, I thank God, was never yet a hardship to me.—*Mrs. Kemble's "Journal of a Residence on a Georgian Plantation."*

FOR THE ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD.

MOONLIGHT ON EDISTO BEACH, S. C.

THE moon is slightly past the full,
And rises from the sea,
Blushing and weeping for the grace
Of her past royalty.

The seashells glitter to her light,
As jewels cast aside
By some rich Eastern caravan
That in the desert died.

There's not a cloud in all the sky
To darken on the sea;
The silver foam runs up the sand
And greets it whisperingly.

It cannot be 'neath such a sky,
Such heaven of repose,
That cannon-smoke hangs heavily
Where brothers met as foes.

It cannot be this silver light
Is shining just as fair
On trampled field, and dying men,
On shriek and wail and prayer.

Or that, on such a holy night,
Men creep on stealthily,
To spring like panthers on their foes'
Unwarned security.

This cannot be! And yet this is!
Discordance wild and drear
'Twixt man and the fair dwelling-place
Which God ordained his sphere.

We feel the discord, and would fain
Cloud with our gloom yon sky,
Teaching the stars our troubled looks,
The winds our mournful sigh.

Then looking higher, marvel much
Our loving God can brook,
In silence of His majesty,
On such a wrong to look;

Nor interfere to help or save,
Where those who choose His side
Stand, overmatched, before the fort,
Or sink in battle-tide.

So think we, selfish hearts and blind!
While God smiles from His throne,
Strengthening his strivers for the strife,
His slain to die alone!

Edisto, S. C. E. MURRAY.

A SLAVE HOSPITAL.

THE infirmary, however, is a large two-story building, terminating the broad orange-planted space between the two rows of houses which form the first settlement. It is built of white-washed wood, and contains four large rooms. But how shall I describe to you the spectacle which was presented to me on my entering the first of these? But half the casements, of which there were six, were glazed, and these were obscured with dirt, almost as much as the other windowless ones were darkened by the dingy shutters, which the quivering inmates had fastened to, in order to protect themselves from the cold. In the enormous chimney glimmered the powerless embers of a few sticks of wood, round which, however, as many of the sick women as could approach were cowering; some on wooden settles, most of them on the ground, excluding those who were too ill to rise; and these last poor wretches lay prostrate on the floor, without bed, mattress or pillow, buried in tattered and filthy blankets, which, huddled around them as they lay strewed about, left hardly space to move upon the floor. And here, in their hour of sickness and suffering, lay those whose health and strength are spent in unrequited labor for us—those who, perhaps even yesterday, were being urged on to their unpaid task—those whose husbands, fathers, brothers and sons were even at that hour sweating over the earth, whose produce was to buy for us all the luxuries which health can revel in, all the comforts which can alleviate sickness. I stood in the midst of them perfectly unable to speak, the tears pouring from my eyes at the sad spectacle of their misery, myself and my emotion alike strange and incomprehensible to them. Here lay women expecting every hour the terrors and agonies of child-birth, others who had just brought their doomed offspring into the world, others who were groaning over the anguish and bitter disappointment of miscarriages—here lay some burning with fever, others chilled with cold and aching with rheumatism, upon the cold hard ground, the draughts and dampness of the atmosphere increasing their sufferings, and dirt, noise and stench, and every aggravation of which sickness is capable combined in their condition—here they lay like brute beasts, absorbed in physical suffering, unvisited by any of those Divine influences which may ennoble the dispensations of pain and illness, forsaken, as it seemed to me, of all good; and yet, O God, Thou surely hadst not forsaken them! Now pray take notice, this is the hospital of an estate where the owners are supposed to be humane, the overseer efficient and kind, and the negroes remarkably well cared for and comfortable. As soon as I recovered from my dismay, I addressed old Rose, the midwife, who had charge of this room, bidding her open the shutters of such windows as were glazed, and let in the light. I next proceeded to make up the fire, but upon my lifting a log for that purpose there was one universal cry of horror, and old Rose, attempting to snatch it from me, exclaimed, "Let alone, missis—let be—what for you lift wood?—you have nigger enough, missis, to do it!" I hereupon had to explain to them my view of the purposes for which hands and arms were appended to our bodies, and forthwith began making Rose tidy up the miserable apartment, removing all the filth and rubbish from the floor that could be removed, folding up in piles the blankets of the patients who were not using them, placing in rather more sheltered and comfortable positions those who were unable to rise. It was all that I could do, and having enforced upon them all my earnest desire that they should keep their room swept and as tidy as possible, I passed on to the other room on the ground floor and to the two above, one of which is appropriated to the use of the men who are ill. They were all in the same deplorable condition, the upper rooms being rather the more miserable, inasmuch as none of the windows were glazed at all, and they had, therefore, only the other alternative of utter darkness or killing draughts of air from the unsheltered casements. In all, filth, disorder and misery abounded; the floor was the only bed, and scanty begrimed rags of blankets the only covering. I left this refuge for Mr. ——'s sick dependents with my clothes covered with dust, and full of vermin, and with a heart heavy enough, as you will well believe. My morning's work had fatigued me not a little, and I was glad to return to the house, where I gave vent to my indignation and regret at the scene I had just witnessed to Mr. —— and his overseer, who here is a member of our family. The latter told me that the condition of the hospital had appeared to him from his first entering upon his situation (only within the last year) to require a reform, and that he had proposed it to the former manager, Mr. K——, and Mr. ——'s brother, who is part proprietor of the estate; but, receiving no encouragement from them, had supposed it was a matter of indifference to the owners, and had left it in the condition in which he had found it, in which condition it has been for the last nineteen years and upwards.—*Mrs. Kemble's "Journal of a Residence on a Georgian Plantation."*

HAYTI.

REV. J. THEODORE HOLLY, a colored presbyter of the Episcopal Church, who has been twice to Hayti on religious objects, publishes in *The Liberator* an instructive and hopeful view of the condition of Haytian society. After 14 years of revolutionary struggle, from 1790 to 1804, there followed the embarrassments of the want of national recognition, the moral effects of heathen fetichism, Romanism and infidelity, and the indifference and neglect of the Christian world. He asserts that the self-emancipation and self-regulation and advancement of Hayti under all these adverse influences, is "the prodigy of history," challenging comparison with any other nation or race. France acknowledged the nationality in 1823, but exacted an indemnity of 30 million of dollars, the installments of which have been fully paid as far as due; the United States only recognized it in 1863. The Romish Church has been quite demoralized, the Pope having sent no bishop there for forty years.

> "No Sisters of Charity, no Brothers and Sisters of Mercy, no Brothers of the Christian Schools, no hospitals, no orphan asylums, no charity foundations of any kind that relieve the dark background of Romanism in other Catholic countries, have been established in Hayti. No Haytian youth trained for the missionary priesthood among their native countrymen have ever figured at Whitsuntide on the boards of the graduating class of the Propaganda College at Rome, among those from every other tribe, race, language and nationality in the world. Romanism, for the last sixty years, has only given to Hayti demoralized, suspended and renegade priests from Italy, France, Austria and Spain, mostly degraded already from canonical standing in the respective countries from whence they came. These priests have, with but few and unimportant exceptions, been noted for licentiousness, drunkenness, and all the other concomitant vices."

This makes Romanism a feebler obstruction to improvement in Hayti than it is elsewhere. But Protestants have not hitherto been ready to embrace so favorable an opening, although compassing sea and land everywhere else, braving the terrors of persecution, while religious liberty has existed in Hayti for 60 years. There have been some feeble attempts at missions by the Baptists of this country and the Baptists and Wesleyans of England. His own Church has persistently refused to make provision for a mission to Hayti, or even to give one penny to aid him in his volunteer labors. Yet, he says, in spite of all these difficulties, Hayti does move, has moved, and, by the help of that God who led her through her self-regenerating Red Sea of revolution, she will continue to move. The reactionary intolerance of Romanism does not exist in Hayti. He says:

> "The introduction of Protestant emigrants into Haytian society, and the missionary efforts likely soon to be turned toward that island or inherently developed therein in consequence of this emigration, is a pledge for the future dissemination of a more perfect spiritual light over her long benighted hills, valleys and plains.
>
> "Above all, the establishment of schools throughout the length and breadth of that island within the past four years, by the government of President Geffrard, is a guarantee that the gross heathen superstitions of fetichism will soon be swept by the board by the advance of an enlightened civilization among the ignorant peasantry on the mountains and in the rural districts of Hayti."

THE DWELLINGS OF THE SLAVES.

THESE cabins consist of one room, about twelve feet by fifteen, with a couple of closets smaller and closer than the state-rooms of a ship, divided off from the main room and each other by rough wooden partitions, in which the inhabitants sleep. They have almost all of them a rude bedstead, with the gray moss of the forests for mattress, and filthy, pestilential-looking blankets for covering. Two families (sometimes eight and ten in number) reside in one of these huts, which are mere wooden frames pinned, as it were, to the earth by a brick chimney outside, whose enormous aperture within pours down a flood of air, but little counteracted by the miserable spark of fire, which hardly sends an attenuated thread of lingering smoke up its huge throat. A wide ditch runs immediately at the back of these dwellings, which is filled and emptied daily by the tide. Attached to each hovel is a small scrap of ground for a garden, which, however, is for the most part untended and uncultivated. Such of these dwellings as I visited to-day were filthy and wretched in the extreme, and exhibited that most deplorable consequence of ignorance and an abject condition, the inability of the inhabitants to secure and improve even such pitiful comfort as might be achieved by them. Instead of the order, neatness, and ingenuity, which might convert even these miserable hovels into tolerable residences, there was the careless, reckless, filthy indolence, which even the brutes do not exhibit in their lairs and nests, and which seemed incapable of applying to the uses of existence the few miserable means of comfort yet within their reach. Firewood and shavings lay littered about the floors, while the half-naked children were cowering round two or three smoldering cinders. The moss with which the chinks and crannies of their ill-protecting dwellings might have been stuffed was trailing in dirt and dust about the ground, while the back door of the huts, opening upon a most unsightly ditch, was left wide open for the fowls and ducks, which they are allowed to raise, to travel in and out, increasing the filth of the cabin by what they brought and left in every direction. In the midst of the floor, or squatting around the cold hearth, would be four or five little children from four to ten years old, the latter all with babies in their arms, the care of the infants being taken from the mothers (who are driven afield as soon as they recover from child labor) and devolved upon these poor little nurses, as they are called, whose business it is to watch the infant, and carry it to its mother whenever it may require nourishment. To these hardly human little beings I addressed my remonstrances about the filth, cold and unnecessary wretchedness of their room, bidding the elder boys and girls kindle up the fire, sweep the floor, and expel the poultry. For a long time my very words seemed unintelligible to them, till, when I began to sweep and make up the fire, etc., they first fell to laughing, and then imitating me. The incrustations of dirt on their hands, feet, and faces, were my next object of attack, and the stupid negro practice (by-the-by, but a short time since nearly universal in enlightened Europe) of keeping the babies with their feet bare, and their heads, already well capped by nature with their woolly hair, wrapped in half a dozen hot, filthy coverings. Thus I travelled down the "street," in every dwelling endeavoring to awaken a new perception—that of cleanliness—sighing as I went, over the futility of my own exertions, for how can slaves be improved? Nathless, thought I, let what can be done; for it may be that, the two being incompatible, improvement may yet expel slavery; and so it might, and surely would, if, instead of beginning at the end, I could but begin at the beginning of my task. If the mind and soul were awakened, instead of mere physical good attempted, the physical good would result, and the great curse vanish away; but my hands are tied fast, and this corner of the work is all that I may do. Yet it cannot be but, from my words and actions, some revelations should reach these poor people; and going in and out among them perpetually, I shall teach, and they learn involuntarily a thousand things of deepest import. They must learn, and who can tell the fruit of that knowledge alone, that there are beings in the world, even with skins of a different color from their own, who have sympathy for their misfortunes, love for their virtues, and respect for their common nature—but oh! my heart is full almost to bursting as I walk among these most poor creatures.—*Mrs. Kemble's "Journal of a Residence on a Georgian Plantation."*

THE CURIOSITIES OF SLAVERY.

THE present "cruel war" is opening up to the world a knowledge of the interior of the South and its institutions. To thousands of people in the North, the interior of the Southern States is as much a terra incognita as the interior of unexplored Africa. We are learning, just now, its social features, at a rapid rate. There is a Southern slave in this city, whose character and history are interesting, and who, to-night, will deliver an address in the Lombard street Wesley Church. Her name is Oneda E. Dubois. She is a French "Zambo," and was the bond-thrall of her own uncle in Southern Alabama. She escaped from bondage, and was educated at Oberlin, Ohio, and for three years past has been in Hayti.

The subject of her lecture will be a description of life in that country. That she is a most accomplished "dark" there can be no doubt. That her history is a veritable one, is equally certain. Despite the opportunities of travel she has enjoyed, she still declares there is no place so prolific in happiness as her former home in Alabama. Her statements but verify what we everywhere see indicated—that if the Africans were freed from slavery, the South would be the place they would select for their home. Miss Dubois is, beyond all question, a talented woman. She wants to establish a girls' school in Gonaives, Hayti, and has just commenced a lecturing tour for that purpose. We are inclined to believe she will appropriate the money she gains to its avowed purpose. At any rate, her descriptions of life on the plantations will be worth the price of admittance. The amount of "knocking down" indulged in by philanthropic lecturers is so extensive, that people are growing distrustful of all such enterprises. We are of opinion that this female African is a conscientious woman.—*Philadelphia Dial.*

HARRIET TUBMAN.

COL. MONTGOMERY and his gallant band of 300 black soldiers, under the guidance of a black woman, dashed into the enemies' country, struck a bold and effective blow, destroying millions of dollars worth of commissary stores, cotton and lordly dwellings, and striking terror to the heart of rebeldom, brought off near 800 slaves and thousands of dollars worth of property, without losing a man or receiving a scratch! It was a glorious consummation.

After they were all fairly disposed of in the Beaufort church, they were addressed in strains of thrilling eloquence by their gallant deliverer; to which they responded in a song—

"There is a white robe for thee."

A song so appropriate and so heartfelt and cordial as to bring unbidden tears.

The Colonel was followed by a speech from the black woman, who led the raid, and under whose inspiration it was originated and conducted. For sound sense and real native eloquence, her address would do honor to any man, and it created a great sensation.

And now a word of this woman—this black heroine—this fugitive slave. She is now called "Moses," having inherited the name for the many daring feats she has accomplished in behalf of the bondmen and the many slaves she has set free. She was formerly a slave in Virginia—she determined upon "freedom or death," and escaped to Canada. She there planned the deliverance of all her kindred, and made nine successive trips to different slave States, effecting the escape of over 180 slaves and their successful establishment in Canada. Since the rebellion she has devoted herself to her great work of delivering the bondmen, with an energy and sagacity that cannot be exceeded. Many and many times she has penetrated the enemy's lines and discovered their situation and condition, and escaped without injury, but not without extreme hazard.—*Wisconsin State Journal.*

The above will remind many of our readers of their interviews with the heroine here mentioned—Harriet Tubman. She has a more remarkable history than any fugitive we have ever met, some portions of which we shall give in our next issue. She is of unmixed negro blood, was born in Maryland—not Virginia—and has brought her rescued country people chiefly from the Eastern Shore of Maryland, in the neighborhood of Cambridge. Her religious experiences are as startling as those of Sojourner Truth, whose letter we printed last week.—*Commonwealth.*

EUROPEAN OPINION.

Do you care to know, now-a-days, what the Grundy of European public opinion says about us? It is a hopeful sign of developing self-respect, of the substitution of pride for vanity, that a European journalist's ink no longer affects us like oil of vitriol on the raw. We are getting a skin. Yet, let us not become insensibly pachydermatous. European opinion is worth heeding always, when it is opinion. Intelligent spectators are, in certain essential respects, better placed than equally intelligent actors, to pass judgment on the play. . . . European opinion at first blush, regarding the material superiority of the North, regarding the supreme right as well, and the moral power that goes with it, of a government to defend itself, regarding withal the great underlying fact (which at the outset no one failed to see or instinctively to feel) that Southern slavery and Northern freedom were the elements of the hostility between insurgents and government — European opinion at the first blush, I say, pronounced in our favor under the twofold sway of conviction that we were strongest, and that of conviction that we were right. It is our fault, not Europeans' fault, that these convictions have passed to the state of hope, doubt, anxiety and hostile vows. How they did so pass, and how, from a few timid apologists, the Southern cause has come to have bold partisans and eloquent advocates without number, you know.

Lincoln's long delayed, unhappily qualified proclamation of September interposed the first check to the adverse current. The waste wildness of the howl about horrors of St. Domingo showed that the half-charged ball had struck our European enemies—we had let, had encouraged them to grow to be enemies—in the midriff. . . . . European opinion, on the whole quite different in the beginning of the second year of the war from what it was in the first year, is again changing. The territorial postulate is still generally rejected as an extreme improbability; the vindication of political sovereignty rests about where it always did, on a primary principle that may be styled the soul of any possible body politic; the foolishly, blindly, unrecognized, hushed-up, unnamed and unnameable, denied, rejected moral quality of the war is at last coming to be, in spite of slow-going, honest dubiety, of smart, jaunty politicastery, of mad, popular prejudice, the recognized essence of the cause the war is waged for. There are numerous indications that European opinion is reinclining to the probability even of a restored Union, *this* resting on the possibility of *its* ruling over a unity of free soil. I am sorry and shame-faced to say that the Administrators of our government are held in anything but respectful esteem by friends and enemies of our institutions.

The essential characteristics of the government itself are getting to be better appreciated. As a gentleman said to me the other day, "Why, *Mon Dieu*, a French government could not exist through the week with such chiefs as yours has endured and even carried on a war with for two years."—*Paris Cor. Tribune.*

MR. BUCKLE AS A TALKER.

IN a book just published, under the title of "Arabian Days and Nights," Miss Marguerite A. Power gives an interesting sketch of her meeting in Egypt with Mr. Buckle but a few weeks before his death.

"At Cairo we had the good fortune to fall in with one whose premature death a few weeks later now makes the souvenir of the encounter doubly interesting. This was Buckle, who, in his researches for fresh materials for his 'History of Civilization,' was now on his way back from a journey up the Nile. He had, on his arrival in Egypt, brought letters of introduction to the R.'s, so that, as they were already acquainted, he came almost immediately to call, and was asked to dinner on an early day. I have known most of the celebrated talkers of—I will not say how many years back—of the time, in a word, when Sydney Smith rejoiced in his green, bright old age, and Luttrell and Rogers and Tommy Moore were still capable of giving forth an occasional flash, and when the venerable Lord Brougham, and yet more venerable Lord Lyndhurst, delighted in friendly and brilliant sparring at dinner-tables, whose hosts are now in their half-forgotten graves. I have known some brilliant talkers in Paris—Lamartine and Dumas, and Cabarras, and brightest, or at least most constantly bright of all, the late Madame Emile de Girardin. I knew Douglass Gerrold; and I am still happy enough to claim acquaintance with certain men and women whose names, though well-known it were perhaps invidious now to mention. But, for inexhaustibility, versitility, memory and self-confidence, I never met any to compete with Buckle. Talking was meat, and drink, and sleep to him; he lived upon talk. He could keep pace with any given number of interlocutors on any given number of subjects, from the abstrusest point on the abstrusest science to the lightest *jeu d'esprit*, and talk them all down, and be quite ready to start fresh. Among the hundred and one anecdotes with which he entertained us I may be permitted to give, say the hundred and first. 'Wordsworth,' said Charles Lamb, 'one day told me that he considered Shakspeare greatly over-rated.' 'There is an immensity of trick in all Shakspeare wrote,' he said, 'and people are taken in by it. Now if *I* had a mind I could write exactly like Shakspeare.'

"'So you see,' proceeded Charles Lamb, quietly, 'it was *only the mind* that was wanting!' We met Buckle on several subsequent occasions, and his talk and his spirits never flagged; the same untiring energy marked all he said, and did, and thought, and fatigue and depression appeared to be things unknown to him."

A NOTE-WORTHY BOSTON FANATIC.

[A correspondent of the Cincinnati *Gazette*, writing from Philadelphia, gives us this sketch:]

SAUNTERING out from the breakfast room, half-read newspapers in hand, we encounter a familiar face. Trim, neat figure, of about medium size, finely-shaped head, eyes that a woman would call handsome—so much you can see. For the rest, the features are masked behind a dark brown flowing beard and mustache, so luxuriantly ample that a Turk might die of envy on seeing them. The finely shaped head and the handsome eyes and the magnificent beard are worth more than a passing glance; for they belong to one who will be honored in after times (however little we may bestow honors upon him now) as *the* man who, above all others, placed the policy of enlisting negro soldiers in this war on a practical basis, organized and systematized the work, and gave us tangible results.

An eminent Boston merchant of large means and liberal habits, Mr. Geo. L. Stearns already had claims to special consideration for his services as the organizer of the famous Kansas Emigrant Aid Societies that so fully triumphed over the plot for a new slave State. One other title to consideration he had concerning which less has been said. This quiet-looking gentleman is *the man who furnished old John Brown the means for his attack on the State of Virginia at Harper's Ferry*—an attack that has not yet ended, for is not his soul still marching on?

As we stop to shake hands with him, we learn that the negro regiment business is being brought at last into a practical business shape; that Pennsylvania is about undertaking to raise a negro brigade, and is quite willing to have it understood that the patriotism of these lately despised negroes will diminish by so many thousands the number of her white citizens to be conscripted; aside from Adj.-Gen. Thomas's troops on the Mississippi, there are now ten negro regiments either in the field or ready for active service, that the rush for offices is frightful—twenty-five hundred applications a fortnight ago and doubtless double as many since; that the examinations for commissions are very strict, and that in the main there is more than usual security that incompetents will not be permitted to fasten themselves upon this service. It may be heterodox and mere abolitionism, but, as the unselfish worker moves off to renew his task, we cannot help a devout aspiration for his fullest success.

Here is a man of culture and social position, with an *annual income* of forty thousand dollars, and a constantly augmenting fortune, devoting time and energies and means to an effort to bring out the Pariah race of the continent to vindicate their own manhood and help overturn the system that has made them what they are. It may not be called Christianity by the sects; but what better means of seeking to imitate Christ by doing good can we discover? The government has done well in placing the whole business of recruiting negroes in his hands. There can be no doubt that he will vindicate their practical judgment by doing the work well.

VICTOR HUGO'S BIOGRAPHY.

Paris Correspondence of The Tribune.

Victor Hugo Réconta par un Temoin de La Vie is published at last. The two most entrancing volumes that have issued from the French press since their author's husband signed his *bon a tirer* to the proof-sheets of Les Miserables. You can count on the fingers of one hand all the literary biographies that are worthy to come into comparison with it for bewitching readableness, for value as an historico-psychological study of the growth of a great intellect. It can be said of few of the notables of the world as truly as of Hugo that the boy was father of the man. Reading these volumes you come to love the boy as much as you admire the man, and to *respect* both as you rarely respect—or alas! have reason to respect in their strictly personal, private character, the celebrities of literature. I had marked, in my galop through the volumes—broken only by gross want of victual at yesterday's breakfast and dinner for one day—marked, in passing here and there, a passage for quotation in to-day's letter. The marked passage, I see now, would occupy in translation some two pages of your worst, finest *Tribune* print. In fact, half the first volume and nearly all the second is marked. Some kind soul, some genial man, should quick translate them both entire, for the soul's good of American readers; not merely of dilettante lovers or more serious lovers of literature, nor yet merely for curious students of intellectual development in a single case of phenomenal-intellectual development, but of other classes of readers, and especially of young brides and of child-gifted matrons, for their delight, and of misled, clever young tom-fools, who whine that genius is akin to folly, and that New York Bohemianism—the most degraded form of a very low order of nonsense and unreason—has any necessary connection with extraordinary talent. Victor Hugo, when he had already barely missed being the laureate of the French Academy, when Chateaubriand had baptized him *l'enfant sublime*, when his fame was widely grown, and when he was yet under 20 years of age, was the best, most dutiful of sons, a mother-worshipper. Not then, nor afterward, did his genius need the proofs of odd dress, or unpaid debts, or impure loves, or any other slightest sacrifice of self-respect. His other and yet nobler qualities as a man, for his manliness seems to have been as prematurely developed as his specially literary quality, displayed in his boyhood, in his veriest childhood—all these you will find charmingly "related" by that "witness of his life," who was the playmate of his boyhood long before being his wife, who was, curiously enough, his affianced bride even before the birth of either.

Advertisements.

THE LIFE OF CAPTAIN JOHN BROWN.—The Life and Letters of Captain John Brown, who was executed at Charlestown, Virginia, Dec. 2, 1859, for an Armed Attack upon American Slavery; with Notices of some of his Confederates. [And a fine photograph likeness.] Edited by RICHARD D. WEBB. London: Smith, Elder & Co. 1861.

A small fresh supply of this interesting volume, wherein the character and deeds of John Brown are set forth with great clearness and justice, has been received, and is now for sale at the Anti-Slavery Office, Boston; and at this office, 48 Beekman street, New York. *Price*, One Dollar. It will be sent by mail, postage prepaid, to any person ordering it and sending one dollar to SAMUEL MAY, Jr., No. 221 Washington street, Boston.

A SPLENDID PRESENT.—Every Lady should have one of Mme. DEMOREST's beautiful and efficient $5 Running Stitch Sewing Machines. Its marvelous simplicity and practical utility is confirmed by the award of the First Premium of the New York State Fair. Sent anywhere, and Express charges prepaid, and its safety guaranteed when the $5 00 is sent in the order. For particulars see Mme. Demorest's "Mirror of Fashions," or send for a Circular. Mme. DEMOREST'S Emporium of Fashion, 473 Broadway.

A TALK WITH MY PUPILS.—By Mrs. CHARLES SEDGWICK.—CONTENTS: Life's Preparatory Period; Daughters and Sisters; Relations with the Poor and Friendless; Relations with Servants; Manners; The Love of Nature; Travelling; Teaching School Government; Marriage; Maternity; Parental Weakness and Folly; The Shame of Society, et al., *versus* Truth; Days of Mourning; Prejudice and Harsh Judgments; Moral Courage; Patriotism. Published and sold for the author by JOHN HOPPER, 110 Broadway. Price $1.

Copies will be mailed and postage paid upon receipt of $1.

PURIFY THE BLOOD.—Not a few of the worst disorders that afflict mankind arise from the corruption that accumulates in the blood. Of all the discoveries that have been mad to purge it out, none have been found which could equal in effec AYER'S COMPOUND EXTRACT OF SARSAPARILLA. It cleanses and renovates the blood, instils the vigor of health into the system an purges out the humors which make disease. It stimulates th healthy functions of the body, and expels the disorders that gro and rankle in the blood. Its extraordinary virtues are not ye widely known, but when they are it will no longer be a questio what remedy to employ in the great variety of afflicting disease that require an alterative remedy. Such a remedy, that could b relied on, has long been sought for, and now, for the first time, th public have one on which they can depend. Our space here doe not admit certificates to show its effects. But the trial of a singl bottle will show to the sick that it has virtues surpassing anythin they have ever taken. Sufferers from Scrofula, Scrofulous Swellings and sores, try it and see the rapidity with which it cure Skin Diseases, Pimples, Pustules, Blotches, Eruptions, etc., ar soon cleaned out of the system.

St. Anthony's Fire, Rose or Erysipelas, Tetter or Salt Rheum, Scald Head, Ringworm, etc., should not be borne while they can b so speedily cured by AYER'S SARSAPARILLA.

Syphilis or Venereal Disease is expelled from the system by th prolonged use of this SARSAPARILLA, and the patient is left a healthy as if he had never had the disease.

Female Diseases are caused by Scrofula in the blood, and are generally soon cured by this EXTRACT OF SARSAPARILLA. Price $1 pe bottle, or 6 bottles for $5.

For all the purposes of a family physic, take AYER'S CATHARTIC PILLS, which are everywhere known to be the best purgative tha is offered to the American People. Price, 25 cents per Box, or Boxes for $1.

Prepared by DR. J. C. AYER & CO., Lowell, Mass., and sold b all Druggists everywhere.

ARTIFICIAL LEGS, BY E. D. HUDSON, M.D., Clinton Hall, UP STAIRS, Asto Place, New York. Soldiers provided by commission of the Surgeon General, U. S. A. HANDS of superior quality. FEET for limbs shortened by Hip-disease a great benefaction. Dr. H. having devoted his attention and practice for fourteen years to the subject o artificial limbs, has made such improvements upon the "Palmer Patent," the right to which is his by purchase, a to render his work in this branch of surgery superior to all others. Send for descriptive pamphlets

$150. 7 OCTAVE $150.

ROSEWOOD PIANO-FORTES.

GROVESTEEN & Co., 499 BROADWAY,

now at their New Warerooms, are prepared to offer to the public their new *enlarged* scale Piano-Fortes, with Iron Frames, Overstrung Bass, French Grand Action, Harp Pedal, etc., etc.

The Grovesteen Piano-Forte received the *highest* award of merit over *all* others at the World's Fair, and for five successive years at the American Institute, which is a sufficient guarantee of their excellence. Heavy mouldings, with carved legs, etc., $175 to $200; rosewood tops, $10 extra. Warranted for five years. Terms net cash.

Philadelphia Advertisements.

WILLIAM STILL,

DEALER IN

STOVES, RANGES, LEHIGH AND SCHUYLKILL COAL, ETC.,

NO. 107 NORTH-FIFTH STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

A General Assortment of Cooking, Parlor and Chamber Stoves, Ranges, Heaters, Etc., constantly on hand.

☞ Repairing carefully attended to.

UNDERTAKING.

WM. HEACOCK, General Furnishing Undertaker, No. 18 North 9th street, Philadelphia.

Furniture made to order, repaired, Varnished, and Reupholstered. Mattresses made and repaired. Removals and Packing of Furniture carefully attended to.

JOSEPH R. KENDERDINE, Importer and Dealer in Foreign and Domestic HARDWARE, S. W. corner Spring Garden and Seventh streets, Phil. Constantly on hand a genera assortment of hardware, cutlery, etc., at the lowest cash prices wholesale or retail. Particular attention paid to furnishing hard ware for buildings.

PRIZE MEDAL awarded in London, in 1851, for his superiority over all others in the manufacture of Travelling Trunks, Carpet Bags, Valices, Gum Shoes, Coaches, Hobby Horses and sole leather, steel spring, iron frame, iron bound Trunks o descriptions, of the best materials and workmanship. Black Leather Enamelled Bags, at the lowest prices.

THOS. W. MATTSON, Trunk Manufacturer,
402 Market st., one door above 4th, South side, Phila.

A LARGE assortment of SALAMANDER SAFES, of various sizes, always on hand, at No. [illegible] South Fourth st., Philadelphia. Warranted equal to any made in the United States. EVANS & WATSON, thankful for past favors, respectfully solicit a continuance of the same. Please give us a call before purchasing elsewhere. Patent slate-lined refrigerators, water filters, &c. large assortment always on hand.

N. B. Sole agency for Butterworth's celebrated bank vault door locks. These locks bid defiance to all lock-picks, Hobbs include

SIGN of the MAMMOTH PEN, No. 72 N. Fourth street (2d door below Arch), Phila., wholesale and retail stationer, blank books, &c., which we will sell lower than the usual prices. English, French and American cap, letter and note paper, envelopes, sealing wax, plain and fancy wafers of every description, very superior gold and steel pens, ink and inkstands, sand boxes, wafer cups, paper weights, plain and fancy penholders, drawing pencils, scrap books, Bristol board, tracing paper, impression paper, tissue paper, visiting and wedding cards, pocket books, portfolios, bankers' cases, diaries, &c.; envelopes at 10 cents per 100 and [illegible] cents per 1000; mercantile firms, insurance companies, banks, &c., furnished with blank books to order, of the best materials and workmanship.

FRIENDS' MARRIAGE CERTIFICATES (a new Plate).

CLOTHIER & PEDRICK,
72 N. Fourth street, below Arch street.

Equality to all! Uniformity of Prices! A new feature in Business. Every one his own Salesman.

JONES & CO., of the Crescent One Price Clothing Store, No. 200 Market street above 6th, in addition to having the largest, most varied and fashionable stock of clothing in Philadelphia, made expressly for retail sales, have constituted every one his own salesman, by having marked in figures, on each article, the very lowest price it can be sold for, so they cannot possibly vary—all must buy alike. The goods are all well sponged and prepared, and great pains taken with the making, so that all can buy with the full assurance of getting a good article at the very lowest price. Remember the Crescent, in Market, above 6th, No. 200, Phila.

JONES & CO